

No.  
30

# STARS

10¢

AND

# STRIPES

## FIGHE-FILLS-COMICS



Introducing  
PEPPER, VAN & VOC  
better known as the  
STARS AND MONKEY

Stars & Stripes #4 | Sept 1941 - 68pg





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No. 4  
SEPT

# STARS

10¢

AND

# STRIPES

## COMICS



Introducing  
**PEPPER, VAN & WHITEY**  
better known as the  
**STARS AND STRIPES**  
WHO BEGIN THEIR ADVENTURES  
IN THIS ISSUE

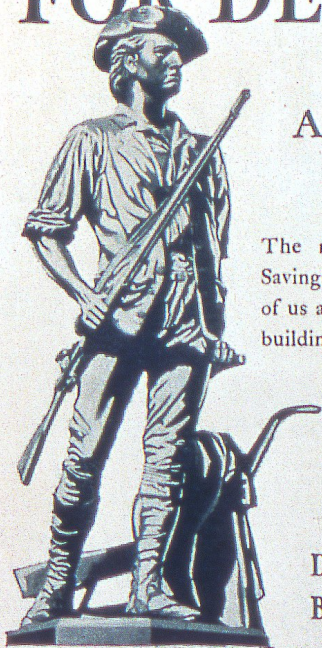


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**COMIC CORPORATION OF AMERICA**  
215 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

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# The STARS and STRIPES



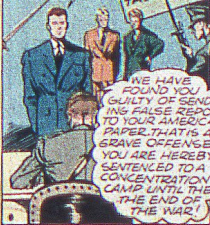
...HERE THEY ARE, KIDS! THE GUYS YOU'RE GOING TO HEAR PLENTY ABOUT FROM NOW ON: UNCLE SAM'S THREE MAN ARMY, THE STARS AND STRIPES! READ ALL ABOUT HOW THEY GET THEIR NAME, THE SOLENN HOW THEY TAKE SEVERE BLOOD HOW THEY SMASH THE MOST VICIOUS INSIDIOUS GANG OF SABOTEURS AMERICA EVER HAD TO CONTEMPLATE LIKE ALL NEPHEWS OF UNCLE SAM THEY DON'T KNOW THE MEANING OF THE WORD QUIT, LIKE THE FLAG THEY REPRESENT THEY ARE NEVER DOWNED!

IN A MILITARY COURT AT THE CAPITOL OF ONE OF EUROPE'S AGGRESSOR NATIONS

THIS COURT IS NOW READY TO SENTENCE THE THREE AMERICAN PRISONERS... PATRICK J. O'HENRY, NEWS-PAPER CORRESPONDENT, STEP FORWARD!



OKAY! SOURPUSS SPILL IT!



WE HAVE FOUND YOU GUILTY OF SEND-ING FALSE REPORTS TO YOUR AMERICAN PAPER. THAT'S A GRAVE OFFENSE. YOU ARE HEREBY SENTENCED TO A CONCENTRATION CAMP UNTIL THE END OF THE WAR!

WHY, YOU...! YOU KNOW I DIDN'T SEND THOSE REPORTS! I WAS FRAMED. WHY I'LL BUST YOU RIGHT IN THE...

STOP!





THE RED HEADED NEWSPAPERMAN IS QUIETED, THEN...

AND YOU, BENJAMIN FRANKLIN ALLEN, AS SECRETARY OF AN AMERICAN DIPLOMAT YOU USED YOUR TRUST TO STEAL VITAL STATE SECRETS. YOU ARE CONDEMNED TO CONCENTRATION CAMP FOR LIFE!

ANOTHER TRUMPED UP CHARGE. BUT WHAT'S THE USE OF ARGUING WITH THIS PUPPET!



...VANCE STUYVESANT THE THIRD, THE NEXT PRISONER, WE FIND GUILTY OF ATTACKING AND KILLING AN OFFICER OF OUR COMMAND, WHILE ENJOYING THE PRIVILEGES OF A TOURIST OF OUR FATHERLAND!



...AND I'D DO THE SAME THINGS AGAIN IF I SAW THAT UNIFORMED RAT BEATING A LITTLE CRIPPLED GIRL WHO HAPPENED TO GET IN HIS WAY!



THE THREE FRAMED AMERICAN PRISONERS ARE LED FROM THE COURT...

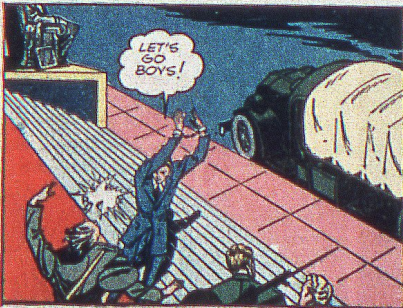


MARCH, PRISONERS AND DON'T TRY TO ESCAPE OR YOU WILL BE KILLED!

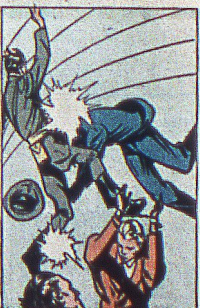
PSSESSST! OUTSIDE OF THE BUILDING, I'M GOING TO AKE MAY AN EAKBRAY, YOU GUY'S ITHWAY EMAY?

WHAT THE... OH! PIG-LATIN... URESHAY INSHAY!

OUNTLAY EMAY IN!



LET'S GO BOYS!







IF WE CAN MAKE THAT TRUCK...

...BUT THEY FIND THE DOOR OF THE TRUCK LOCKED...BEFORE THEY CAN GET IT OPENED...



UGH! WELL IT WAS A NICE TRY EH, BOYS?

DOWN WITH THEM!

AFTER THAT THE THREE AMERICAN BOYS ARE CLOSELY GUARDED... THREE MONTHS LATER AFTER A SERIES OF TRANSFERS THEY FIND THEMSELVES ALL IN THE SAME CONCENTRATION CAMP...



WHAT A BREAK IN THE FENCE! STUYVESANT III, THE FIGHTING PLAYBOY.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN ALLEN, THE DASHING DIPLOMAT AND ME, PATRICK J. O'HENRY, THE MAD NEWSHOUND, ALL IN THE SAME CAMP!



HOW ABOUT FORGETTING OUR FANCY MONICKERS, FELLAS? ME, I LIKED TO BE CALLED JUST PLAIN WHITEY!

SWELL! THIS RED ROOF OF MINE GOT ME THE NICKNAME OF PEPPER!

CUT MINE TO VAN!



LISTEN, MEN, COME CLOSE. I'VE GOT A PLAN TO CRASH OUT OF THIS PRISON CAMP. EVERY NIGHT A PEASANT BRINGS A BOTTLE OF WINE TO THE GUARD AT THE WEST GATE. IN A COUPLE OF HOURS HE'S FAST ASLEEP AND...



JIGGERS, GUYS! HERE COMES THE GUARD. WE'LL GET TOGETHER LATER!

OKAY!

OKAY!



...SEVERAL NIGHTS LATER AFTER MUCH CAREFUL PLANNING...



HURRY! THIS EGG IS WAKING UP!

...GATE'S STUCK A LITTLE!

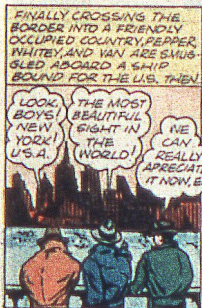




THAT WILL HOLD HIM FOR A COUPLE OF HOURS!

LET'S GO!

THROUGH DISMAL SWAMPS AND BLACK FORESTS LIKE HUNTED ANIMALS, THE THREE MEN ENDURING UNTOLD HARDSHIPS, MAKE THEIR WAY TOWARD THE BORDER.



FINALLY CROSSING THE BORDER INTO A FRIENDLY OCCUPIED COUNTRY, PEPPER, WHITEY, AND VAN ARE SMUGGLED ABOARD A SHIP BOUND FOR THE U.S. THEN!

LOOK, BOYS! NEW YORK! U.S.A.

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL SIGHT IN THE WORLD!

WE CAN REALLY APPRECIATE IT NOW, EH!



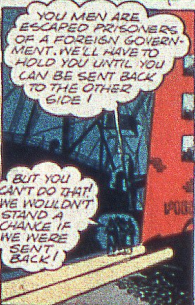
HERE THEY COME! BOY HOW I HATE THIS JOB!

YOU AND ME, BOTH!



SORRY, BOYS, BUT WE'VE GOT TO TAKE YOU DOWN TO HEAD-QUARTERS!

HEY! WHAT KIND OF WELCOME IS THIS?



YOU MEN ARE ESCAPED PRISONERS OF A FOREIGN GOVERNMENT. WE'LL HAVE TO HOLD YOU UNTIL YOU CAN BE SENT BACK TO THE OTHER SIDE!

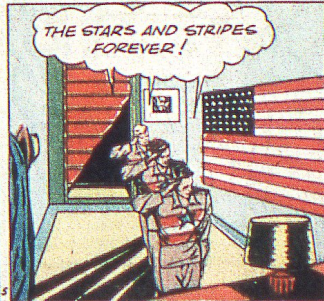
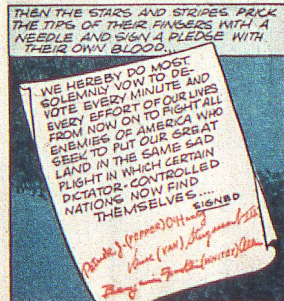
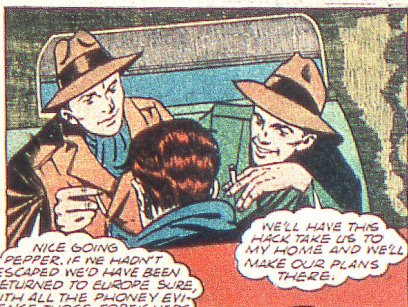
BUT YOU CAN'T DO THAT! WE WOULDN'T STAND A CHANCE IF WE WERE SENT BACK!



WE'RE ONLY CARRYING OUT OUR ORDERS... HEY!

TO THE CAB, FELLOWS WE CAN'T LET OURSELVES BE SENT BACK TO THAT COUNTRY!







THE NEXT DAY....

HEY FELLOWS!  
WE GOT TO WORK!!!  
READ THIS PIECE IN  
THE PAPER!



# VITAL SECTION OF NATIONAL DEFENSE PROGRAM- HELD UP BY STRIKES!

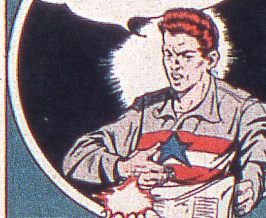
TODAY THE 5000 WORKERS  
OF THE MUNITIONS MFG CO



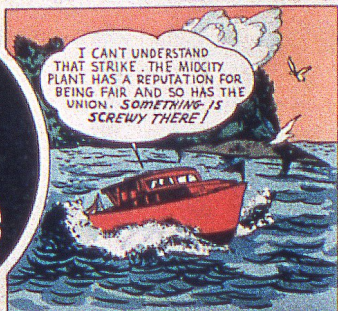
WALKED OUT OF THE HUGE  
PLANT, REFUSING TO GO  
BACK TO WORK UNTIL  
DEMANDS OF THE UNION  
ARE MET. THE MIDCITY

PLANT IS A VITAL FACTOR  
IN THE NATION'S DEFENSE  
PROGRAM AND IF THE STRIKE  
CONTINUES ANY LENGTH OF  
TIME THE WHOLE

SOMETHING'S  
GOT TO BE DONE ABOUT  
THAT MEN! NOTHING MUST  
STOP THE UNITED STATES PRE-  
PAREDNESS PROGRAM. LET'S  
HEAD FOR MIDCITY RIGHT  
NOW!!!!



I CAN'T UNDERSTAND  
THAT STRIKE. THE MIDCITY  
PLANT HAS A REPUTATION FOR  
BEING FAIR AND SO HAS THE  
UNION. SOMETHING IS  
SCREWY THERE!



WOW!!!  
LOOK AT THAT  
CROWD!

LET'S SEE  
WHAT IT'S ALL  
ABOUT!!

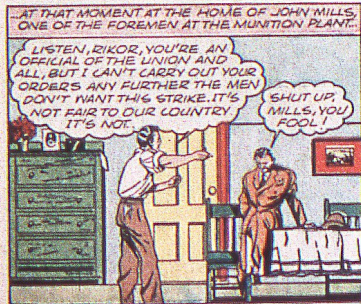
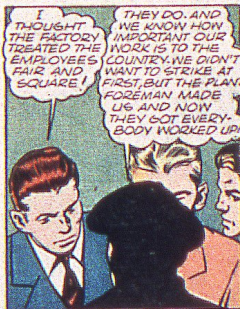


IN THEIR REGULAR CLOTHES THE STARS AND STRIPES ARRIVE AT MIDCITY TO LOOK OVER THE SITUATION.

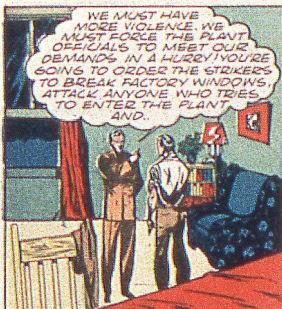
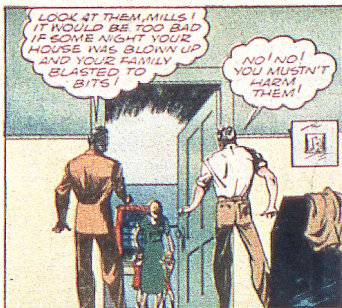
WORKERS OF MIDCITY...  
WE'RE GONNA KILL ANY BIMBO  
WHO TRIES TO SCAB ON US. THE  
FACTORY IS MAKING MILLIONS AND  
WE'RE GONNA GET OUR SHARE!







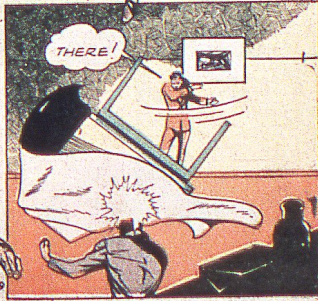




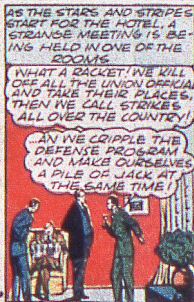
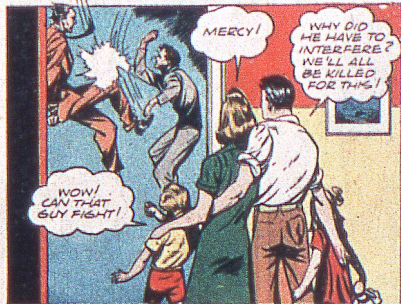
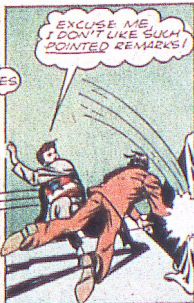
...BUT OUTSIDE THE WINDOW OF THE ROOM.



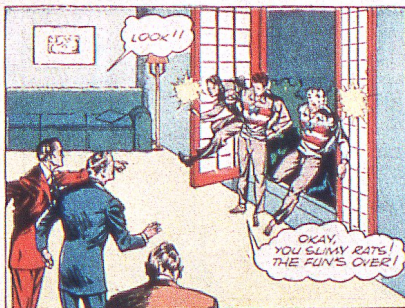






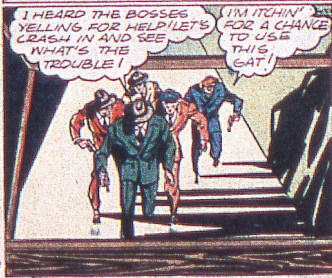
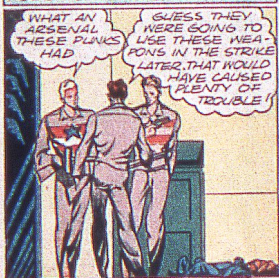






THE STARS AND STRIPES QUICKLY POLISH OFF THE SPIES, THEN.

OUT IN THE HALL OF THE HOTEL A NEW MENACE THREATENS THE STARS AND STRIPES!





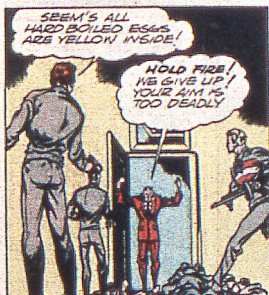


START THROWING LEAD AT 'EM, GUNG!



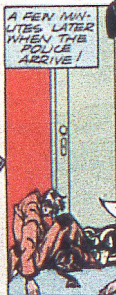
VAN/WHITNEY! TRY NOT TO SHOOT TO KILL. I WANT THE MAN TO TAKE CARE OF THESE MUGS!

GOOD THING WE HAVE THESE GUNS OR WE'D HAVE BEEN SLAUGHTERED!



SEEM'S ALL HARD BOILED EGGS ARE YELLOW INSIDE!

HOLD FIRE! WE GIVE UP! YOUR AIM IS TOO DEADLY



A FEW MINUTES LATER WHEN THE POLICE ARRIVE!

WELL- I'LL BE!

THE STARS AND STRIPES FOREVER!



THE NEXT MORNING THE PAPERS CARRY A FULL ACCOUNT OF THE SPY-CAPTURE AND STRIKE BREAK-UP.

IT SAYS HERE THAT THOSE STARS AND STRIPES WERE RECOGNIZED AS FUGITIVES FROM A FOREIGN COUNTRY. HMMPH! I OUGHT TO GIVE 'EM A MEDAL 'STEAD OF HUNTING AND PROSECUTING 'EM



SO THEY KNOW WHO WE ARE. IT'S GOING TO BE TOUGHER THAN EVER TO CARRY ON OUR WORK NOW, FELLOWS!

BUT THAT'S NOT GOING TO STOP US!

NO, SIR! WE'RE NOT STOPPING 'TILL WE'VE CLEANED OUT EVERY SPY AN SABOTEUR IN THE LAND!



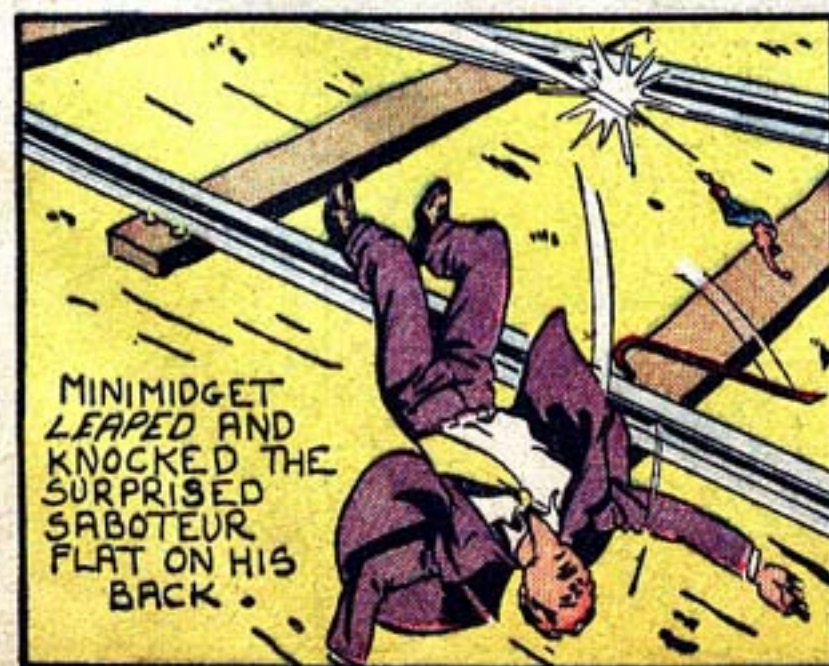
ANOTHER SLAM-BANG PATRIOTIC ADVENTURE OF AMERICA'S NEW COMIC BOOK HEROES.

THE STARS AND STRIPES IN THE NEXT ISSUE.....

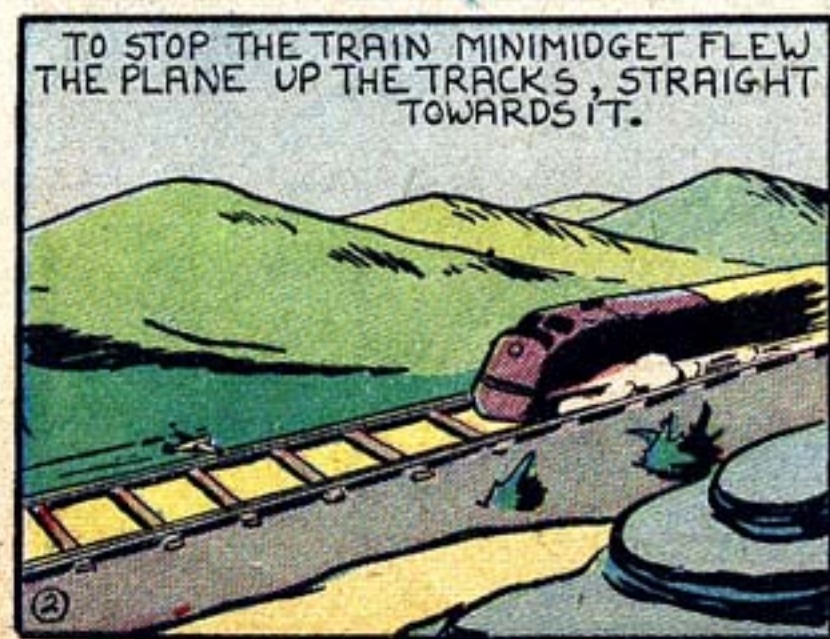
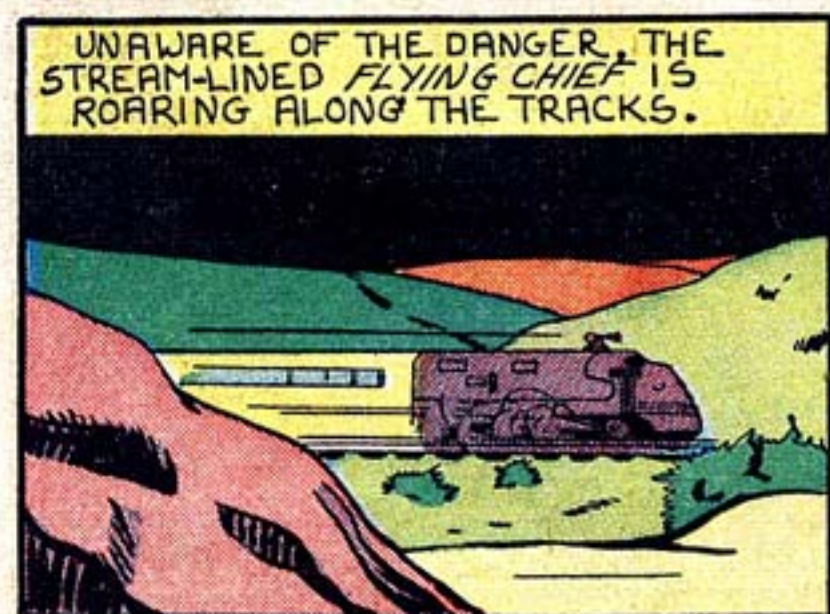




# MINIMIDGET









WHEN HE SAW THE TRAIN STOP MINIMIDGET  
PULLED BACK ON THE STICK AND JUST  
MISSED IT.



WHAT ARE  
YOU TRYING  
TO DO, COMMIT  
SUICIDE?

WE SHOOK THE  
PASSENGERS  
UP WITH THAT  
STOP.



IF YOU WENT MUCH FURTHER THEY  
WOULD HAVE BEEN SHAKEN UP  
WORSE! TWO  
MEN HAVE  
LOOSENED  
THE RAILS.



IT'S A WATCH. THEY MUST HAVE  
DROPPED IT. BUT SAY! THIS WATCH  
WAS GIVEN TO  
SENATOR  
BRONGES.  
IT HAS  
HIS NAME  
ON THE  
BACK OF  
IT.



SENATOR BRONGES  
DISAPPEARED A COUPLE OF  
DAYS AGO. THOSE MEN MUST  
KNOW WHERE HE IS!

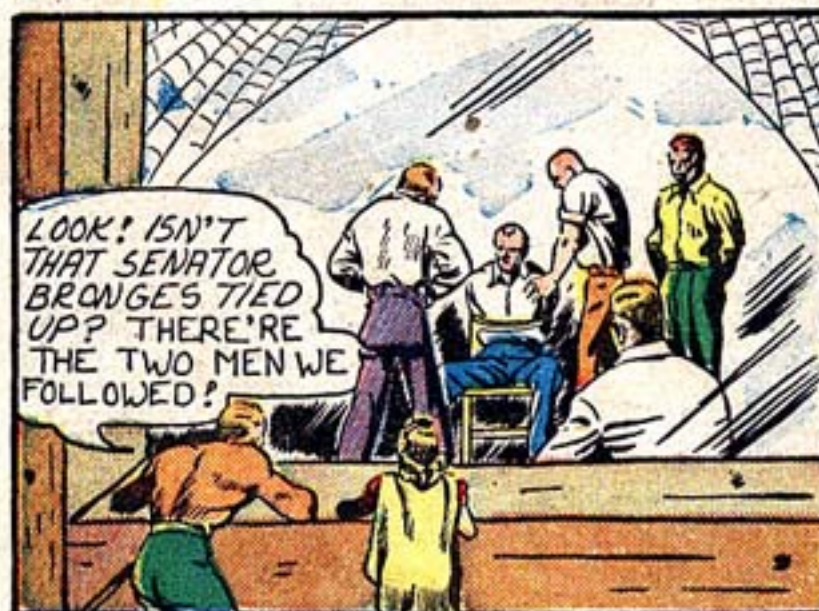
BOY!  
THAT'S  
RIGHT!



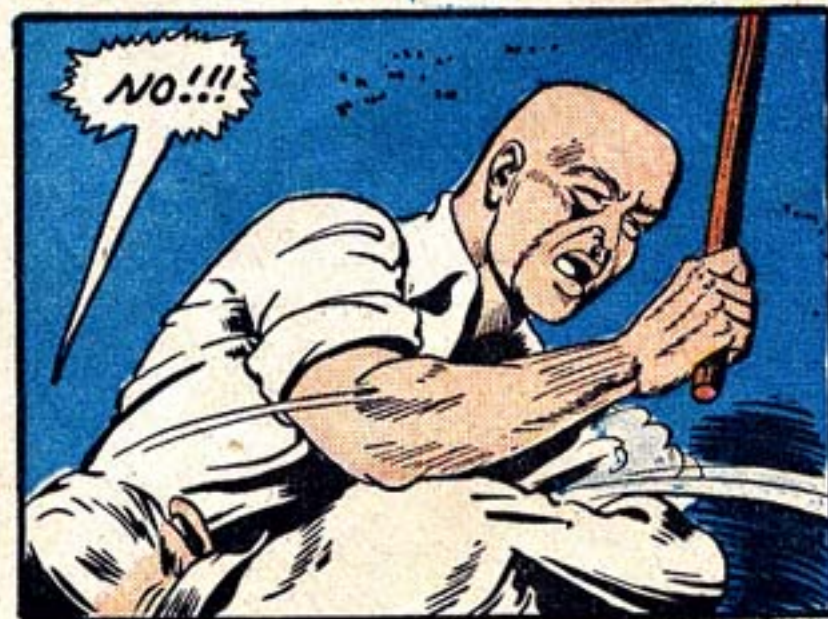
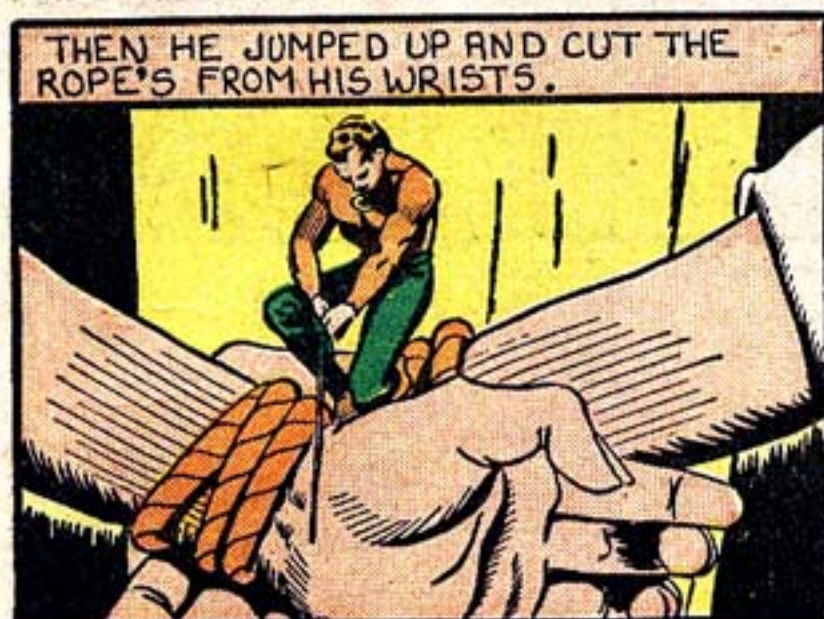
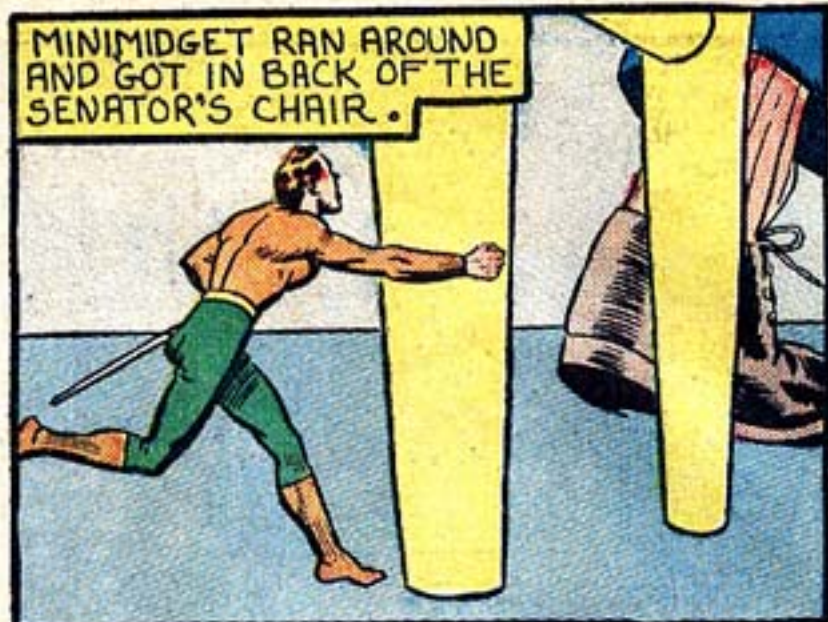
WE HAVE TO FIND THEM. WE'LL  
BE ABLE TO SEE THEM BETTER  
FROM THE AIR.













THE SABOTEURS WERE  
STRETCHED OUT IN SHORT  
ORDER.



THANKS FOR YOUR  
HELP, YOUNG  
FELLOW!

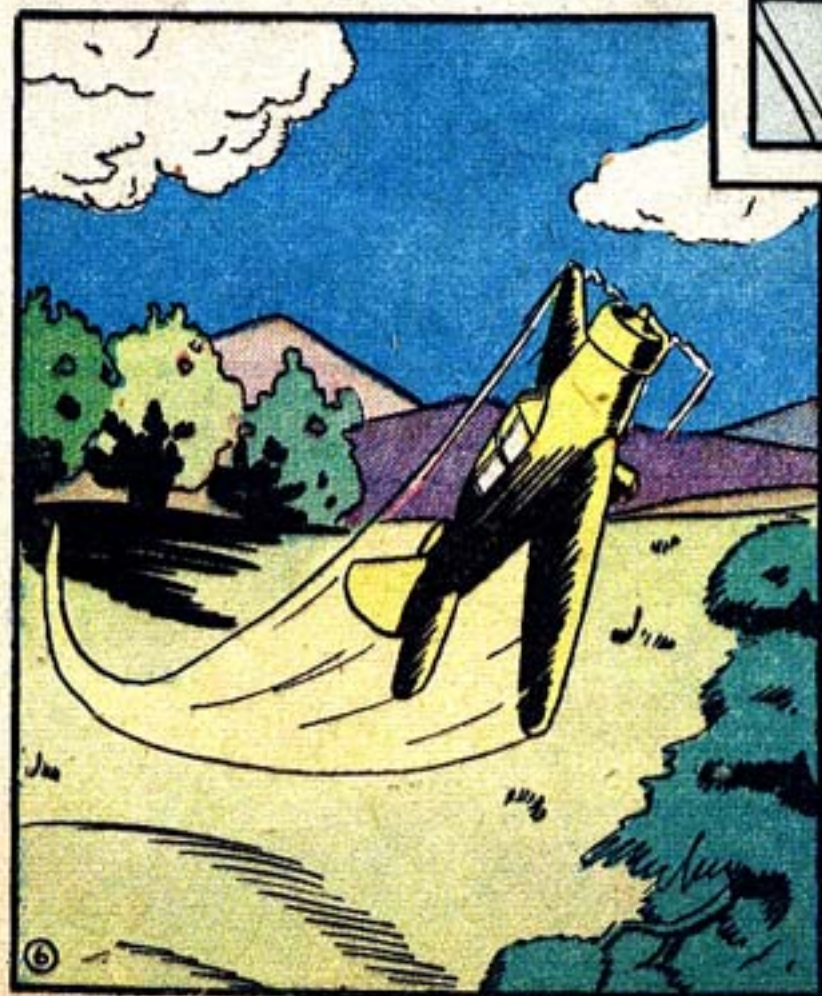
WELL, THAT TAKES  
CARE OF THEM?



I WISH I COULD GET TO THE  
ARMY FLYING FIELD. THESE  
MEN HAVE PLANTED A TIME  
BOMB ON A NEW SHIP DUE TO  
LEAVE THERE ANY MINUTE  
NOW!



WHAT'S THAT? OUT OF  
MY WAY! RITTY, YOU  
STAY HERE WITH  
SENATOR BRONGES.  
I'LL SEE YOU LATER.



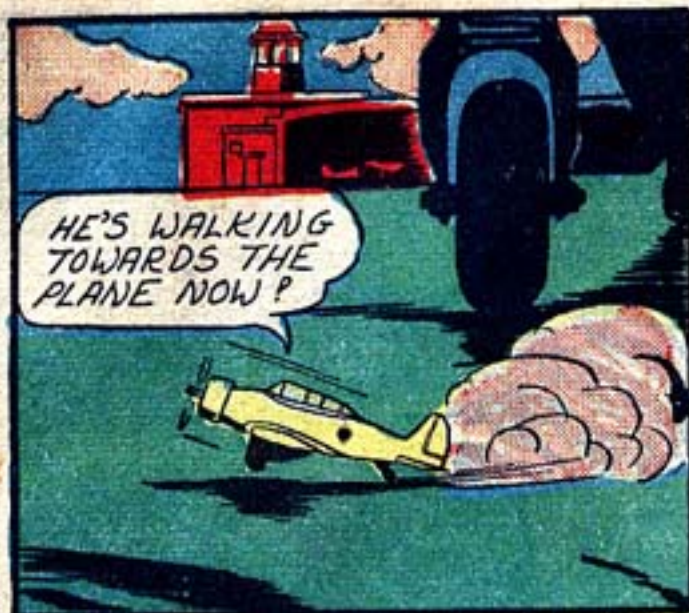
MEANWHILE AT THE ARMY AIRFIELD

YOU'RE TO MAKE A TEST HOP TO  
TEXAS GOOD LUCK TO YOU!

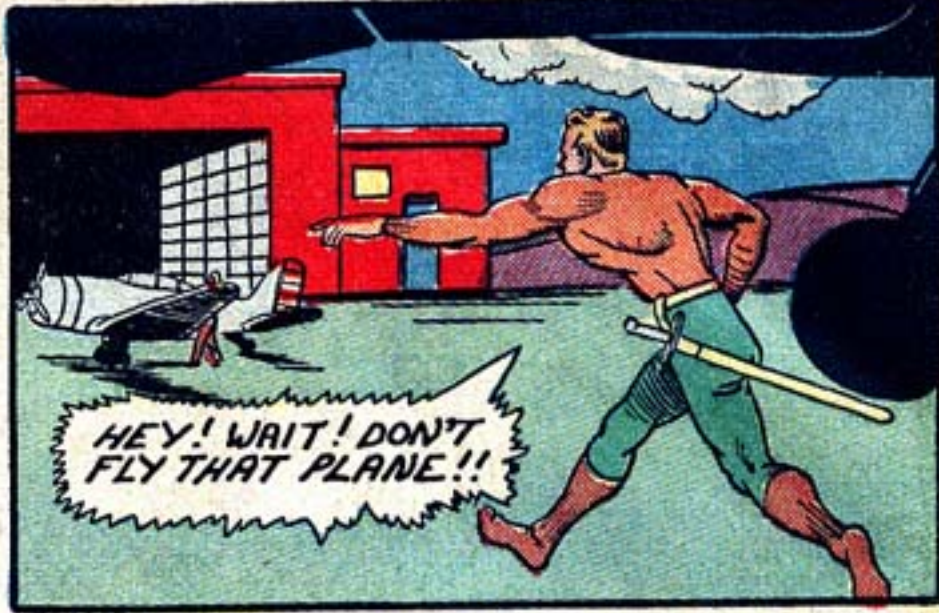
THANKS SIR!



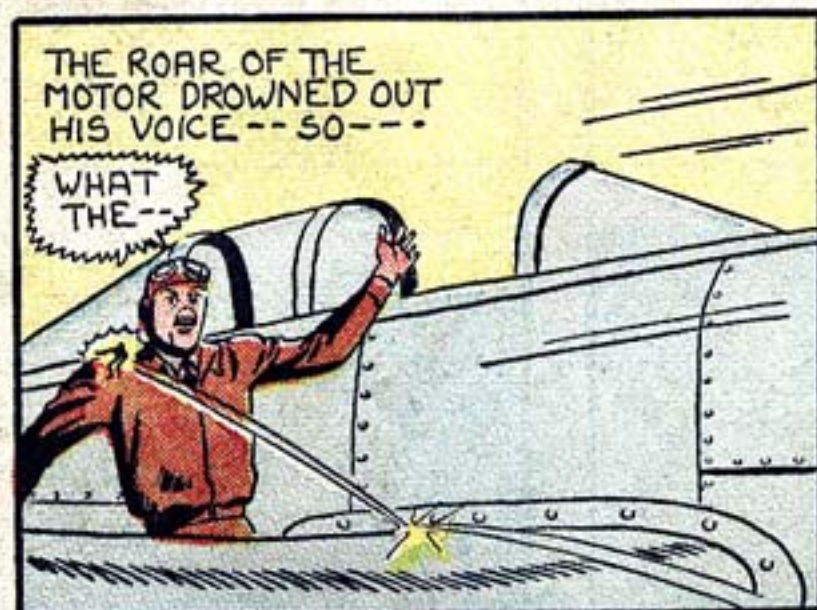




HE'S WALKING  
TOWARDS THE  
PLANE NOW?



HEY! WAIT! DON'T  
FLY THAT PLANE!!



THE ROAR OF THE  
MOTOR DROWNED OUT  
HIS VOICE -- SO --

WHAT  
THE --



SAY! WHAT'S THE IDEA?  
WHY THE ROUGH STUFF?

THAT PLANE  
HAS A **TIME**  
**BOMB** PLANTED  
IN IT!!



WHAT'S THE MATTER  
HERE?

HE  
SAID THERE'S  
A **TIME BOMB** IN  
THE PLANE.



**NONSENSE!** THERE'S  
NO SUCH THING!  
I--A--



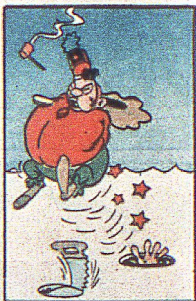
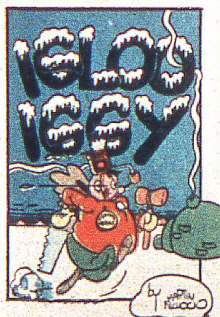
I WOULD HAVE BEEN  
UP IN THE AIR WHEN  
THAT HAPPENED.

I DON'T KNOW HOW YOU KNEW  
IT BUT THERE SURE WAS  
A BOMB IN THAT PLANE.  
--AND HOW??

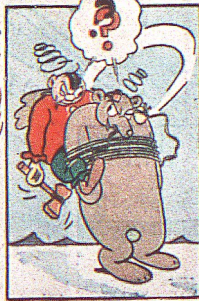
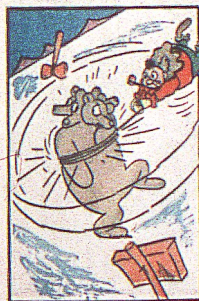
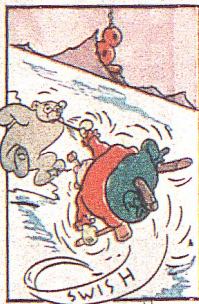
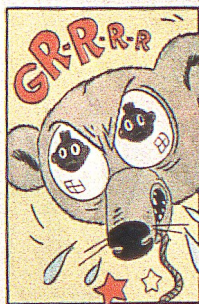
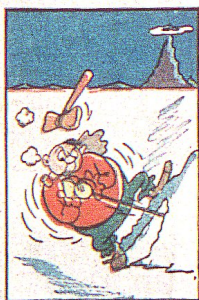
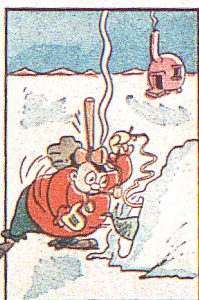
I'LL TELL YOU  
ABOUT IT LATER--  
I HAVE TO HURRY BACK!

ANOTHER  
MINIMIDGET  
NEXT  
ISSUE!





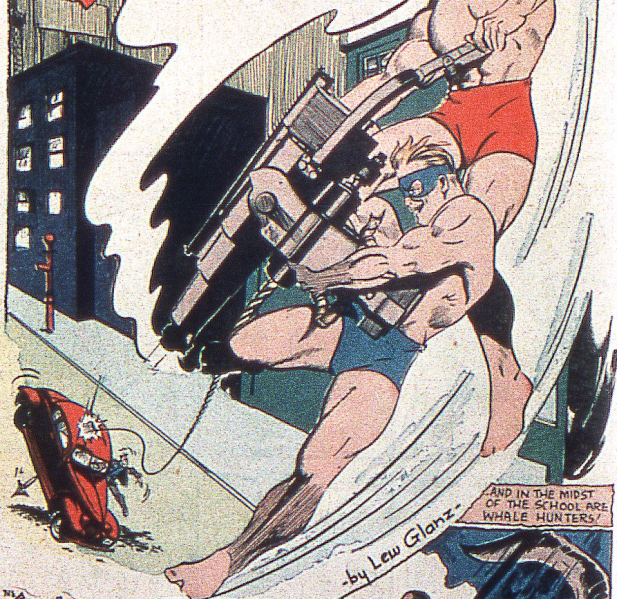






THE

# SHARK



AND IN THE MIST  
OF THE SCHOOL ARE  
WHALE HUNTERS!

-by Lew Glanz-

**THE SHARK** IS AN AMAZING  
UNDER-SEA CREATURE WITH  
WEBBED HANDS AND FEET  
**POP** (FATHER) NEPTUNE  
IS THE SHARK'S FATHER  
TOGETHER THEY  
ARE THE RUINATION OF  
ALL CRIME..... ALONE  
THEY'RE..... WELL  
THEY'RE AS BAD AS  
A TORNADO!

WHALES RUN IN SCHOOLS  
THE SAME AS FISH, WE SEE  
A LARGE SCHOOL HERE IN  
THE INDIAN OCEAN!





BUT BEFORE WE GO ON, HERE'S A FEW NOTES ON WHALE HUNTING! WHALERS TRAVEL IN A GROUP OF BOATS—A LARGE BOAT KNOWN AS THE MOTHER OR FACTORY SHIP AND AN NUMBER OF SMALLER BOATS CALLED KILLER SHIPS. THE KILLER SHIPS CARRY THE HARPOONS AND HUNT OUT THE WHALES WHILE THE FACTORY SHIP EXTRACTS THE PRODUCTS FROM THE WHALES AFTER PICKING THEM UP. . .  
A STRANGE SHIP A DESTROYER, APPEARS ON THE HORIZON.

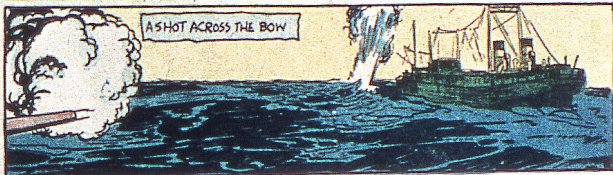


BACK ON THE MOTHER SHIP!!



A FEW MILES AWAY WE FIND THE CHIEF OF THE 'KILLERS'

THINK WE'VE DONE ENOUGH FOR TODAY—THE OTHER KILLER SHIPS HAVE GONE TO SHORE. BUT I'LL GO BACK TO THE FACTORY SHIP AND SEE HOW MANY WE'VE CAUGHT TODAY!



A SHOT ACROSS THE BOW

IN A SHORT TIME A GROUP OF ARMED MEN COME ABOARD THE WHALER

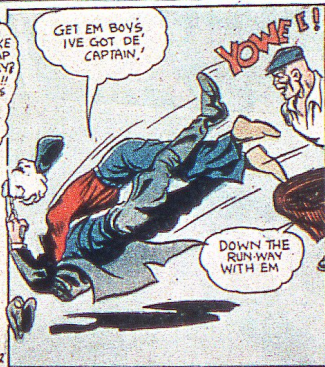
YOU MEN ARE NOW PRISONERS, FOR WE ARE TAKING THIS BOAT OVER—ANY RESISTANCE WILL BE FATAL!! WHERE IS YOUR CAPTAIN?



WELL I'LL BE ..... WHAT DO YA TAKE US FOR, YA FLAP EARED MONKEY? YELLOW-BELLY!! COME ON BOYS KILL DE **BUMS!**

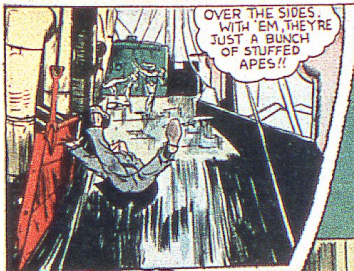


GET EM BOYS, I'VE GOT DE CAPTAIN!



DOWN THE RUN-WAY WITH EM





OVER THE SIDES.  
WITH 'EM, THEY'RE  
JUST A BUNCH  
OF STUFFED  
APES!!



WELL HERE GOES THE  
LAST ONE BOYS, MAKE  
A WISH!  
HA!!



SOLONG PAL!



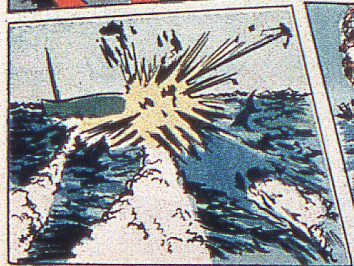
ON  
BOARD  
THE ENEMY  
DESTROYER, THE CAPTAIN IS  
ENRAGED BY THE RESISTANCE  
OF THE CARE-FREE SEA-  
MEN

THE FOOLS  
THEY WILL PAY  
WITH THEIR  
LIVES!



LAUNCH THE TORPEDOS, BLOW  
THE SWINE SKY-HIGH, DON'T  
LEAVE A SCRAP OF WOOD OR  
METAL LEFT— AND MAKE  
SURE ALL ARE KILLED ON  
YOUR FIRST SHOT!

YES'R

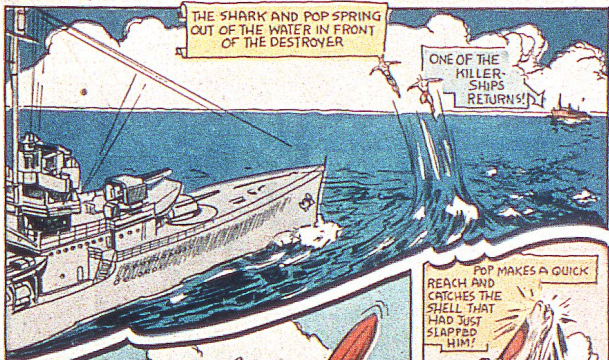


THE SHARK SEES THE SAD  
ENDING OF THE BRAVE SEAMEN  
IN HIS SUPER-TELEVISION-SET!  
AT HIS UNDER-SEA HOME!



THE SHARK AND POP SPRING  
OUT OF THE WATER IN FRONT  
OF THE DESTROYER

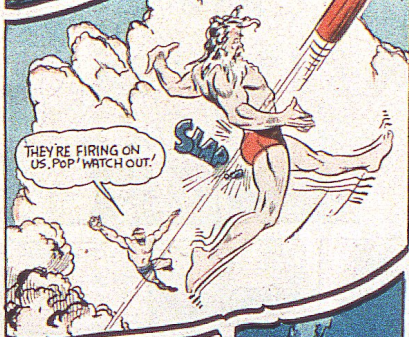
ONE OF THE  
KILLER-SHIPS  
RETURNS!!



POP MAKES A QUICK  
REACH AND  
CATCHES THE  
SHELL THAT  
HAD JUST  
SLAPPED  
HIM!

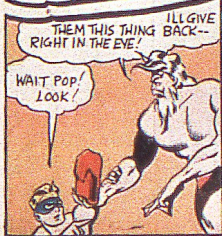


THEY'RE FIRING ON  
US, POP! WATCH OUT!



THEM THIS THING BACK--  
RIGHT IN THE EYE!

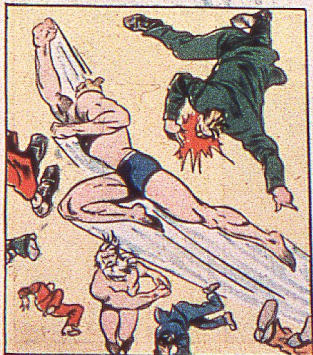
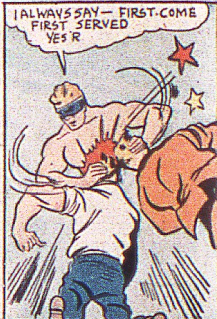
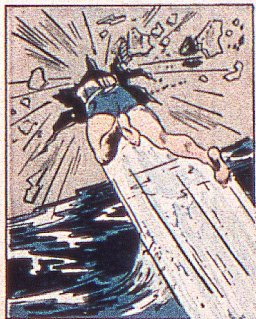
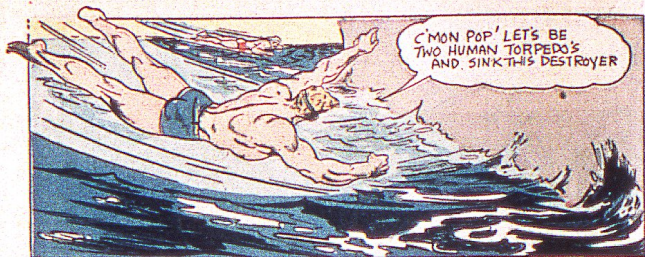
WAIT POP!  
LOOK!



THAT FOOL CAPTAIN IS  
TRYING TO SINK US WITH  
HIS HARPOON GUN ---  
I'LL JUST IGNORE HIM!

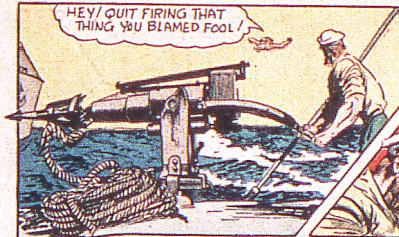








HEY! QUIT FIRING THAT  
THING YOU BLAMED FOOL!



SAY, WHERE DO YOU  
GET OFF CALLING ME A  
FOOL? ANY BODY WHO  
GOES JUMPIN' AROUND IN  
HIS UNDER-WEAR IS MY IDEA  
OF A REAL FOOL!

ISAT SO?



AS THE SHARK  
WATCHES POP  
AND THE OLD  
SALT\* FIGHT,  
THE CAPTAIN OF  
THE DESTROYER  
RUNS FOR  
FREEDOM!



YES THAT'S SO

YEA!

YEA!

WELL I'VE A  
GOOD MIND TO

YOU HAVEN'T  
EVEN GOT A  
MIND

YEA!

**YEA!**

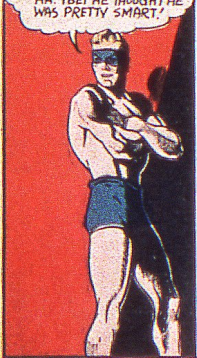


HA! HA! THE  
FOOLS I'VE GIVEN  
THEM THE SLIP!



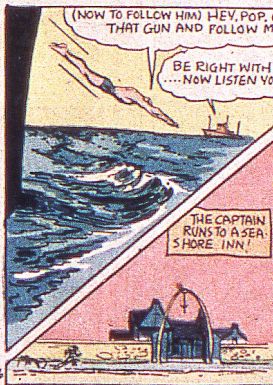
THE CROOK ESCAPES!!

I HAVE A HUNCH THAT THERE  
IS SOMEONE HIGHER UP, WITH  
MORE BRAINS THAN THE CAPTAIN  
OF THE DESTROYER, THAT'S WHY  
I MADE BELIEVE I DIDN'T SEE  
HIM ESCAPE - NOW HELL  
LEAD ME RIGHT TO THE LEADER!  
HA! I BET HE THOUGHT HE  
WAS PRETTY SMART!



(NOW TO FOLLOW HIM) HEY, POP, GET  
THAT GUN AND FOLLOW ME!

BE RIGHT WITH YA SON!  
.... NOW LISTEN YOU ...

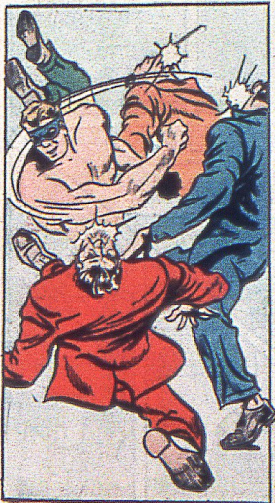
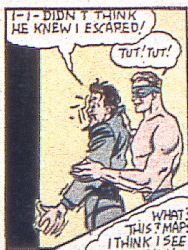


QUICK BOSS  
GET! THE  
SHARK IS  
AFTER US!

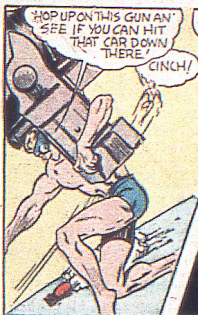


THE CAPTAIN  
RUNS TO A SEA-  
SHORE INN!







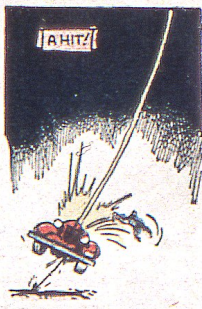


"HOP UP ON THIS GUN AN' SEE IF YOU CAN HIT THAT CAR DOWN THERE!"

"CINCH!"



"HOLD STILL WILL YA! I CAN'T GET HIM!-----AH!-----THERE!!"



"A HIT!"



"GOOD SHOT! YA CAN TAKE IT BACK NOW, POP! I'VE GOT SOME THINGS TO FIND OUT!"



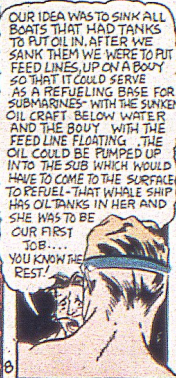
"HARK! DON'T KILL ME..... PLEASE..... TAKE ME TO JAIL, DO ANYTHING, BUT DON'T KILL ME! I'M AFRAID TO DIE, PLEASE!!"



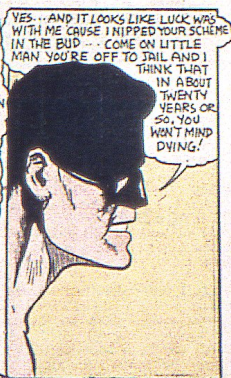
"SHUT UP YOU YELLOW RAT! WHAT ABOUT ALL THOSE SAILORS YOU KILLED?"

"I'LL TELL YA ALL I KNOW IF YA LET ME LIVE!"

"I WON'T HURT YOU! START TALKING"



"OUR IDEA WAS TO SINK ALL BOATS THAT HAD TANKS TO PUT OIL IN. AFTER WE SANK THEM WE WERE TO PUT FEED LINES, UP ON A BOUY SO THAT IT COULD SERVE AS A REFUELING BASE FOR SUBMARINES- WITH THE SUNKEN OIL CRAFT BELOW WATER AND THE BOUY WITH THE FEED LINE FLOATING, THE OIL COULD BE PUMPED UP INTO THE SUB WHICH WOULD HAVE TO COME TO THE SURFACE TO REFUEL- THAT WHALE SHIP HAS OIL TANKS IN HER AND SHE WAS TO BE OUR FIRST JOB.... YOU KNOW THE REST!"



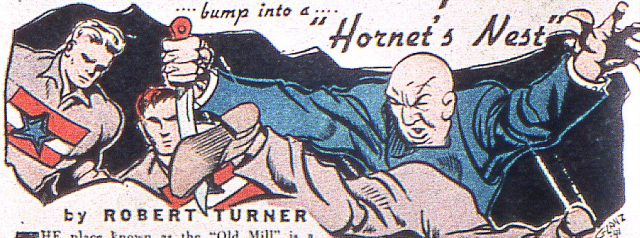
"YES... AND IT LOOKS LIKE LUCK WAS WITH ME CAUSE I NIPPED YOUR SCHEME IN THE BUD... COME ON LITTLE MAN YOU'RE OFF TO JAIL AND I THINK THAT IN ABOUT TWENTY YEARS OR SO, YOU WON'T MIND DYING!"



# ★The Stars & Stripes

...bump into a...

## "Hornet's Nest"



by ROBERT TURNER

THE place known as the "Old Mill" is a rowdy roadhouse just outside of town where anything goes and anything can happen. On this night, plenty happened. The "Old Mill" suddenly became a hornet's nest of intrigue, violence and sudden death.

It all started at two of the ring of tables bordering the little postage stamp dance floor used for dancing and to sport the Old Mill's small but peppy revue.

At one of these tables a man in evening dress sat alone, toying with his drink, watching the girl torch singer crooning into the microphone at the far end of the dance floor. He was a gaunt, wolf-like man, with a gleaming monocle screwed up in one eye. Unknown to the other patrons of the place this man was Hans Horlitz, most dangerous, most wanted foreign agent in the United States.

At an adjacent table sat three young men. They were all big, strapping, thoroughly American looking chaps. Unknown to the other patrons of the place this trio were Van, Whitey and Pepper, those smashing spy-busters who call themselves "The Stars And Stripes."

Three days ago there had been an ad in the persons column of the local paper which read: **WILL THE STARS AND STRIPES BE AT THE OLD MILL ROADHOUSE NEXT SATURDAY NIGHT AT MIDNIGHT. IMPORTANT!**

Suddenly the slim blond torch singer swung into a fast number called "Love Flowers." She picked up a big basket of artificial blossoms and left the mike, slowly circled the row of tables. As she sang the girl picked flowers from the basket one at a time and tossed them toward the tables.

At their table the Stars and Stripes were getting restless. Whitey glanced at his wrist watch, poked his fingers through his white-blond hair and said: "It's midnight, boys, and nothing is happening. Maybe that newspaper notice was just a gag."

"I don't think so," Pepper said, his red hair gleaming like copper as the spotlight flicked briefly over him. "Maybe they expected us to come busting in here in our Stars and Stripes outfits. Maybe they don't recognize us in these evening clothes."

"There's something strange about the way that torch singer keeps looking at us," Van remarked, eyeing the girl, calculatingly, as she slowly came toward them, scattering her flowers. "I think she's up to something."

And it was soon proved that Van was right. A moment later the blond vocalist reached their table. She swayed back and forth, then, singing her song about love and flowers. Then she winked deliberately and tossed one of the artificial blossoms onto their table.

PEPPER grinned at her and picked up the flower, twirled it by the stem between his fingers. The girl moved on to the next table. Without moving his lips, Pepper whispered: "You're right, Van. Don't act as though anything out of the ordinary was happening, but this flower is blue. All the rest of the flowers she has tossed out have been red!"

"Stop twirling it like that," Whitey whispered in the same peculiar manner. It was a way the men had learned to converse in a foreign concentration camp, without being seen. "That flower has a note in it and it might fall out."

He suddenly reached over and took the paper blossom from Pepper's fingers, stuck it into his buttonhole. "We can't examine it, now," he added in a whisper. "The gink with the glass in his eye, at the next table, is eying us suspiciously."

WAITING a few minutes to avoid further suspicion, the Stars and Stripes then called for their check, paid it and left the roadhouse. Outside, Whitey whipped the flower from his buttonhole, picked a tiny tube of rolled paper from deep inside the blossom.

"Wonder what it says?" Van said breathlessly as Whitey unrolled the paper.

It was a little note printed in a tight feminine hand: "The man sitting next to you—the one with the monocle—is Hans Horlitz, the famous spy. He has information vital to the safety of the U. S. He must not get away from this place tonight!"

The three men read the note, and exchanged knowing glances. Without another word, they shook hands all around, turned and headed toward a nearby patch of woods.

A FEW minutes later, Van, Whitey and A Pepper came running from the woods toward the roadhouse. Only now over their big, muscular figures they wore what appeared to be old time striped prison garb. With the exception that the stripes on the suits were red and white and on the chest of each man was emblazoned a big blue star. This was the outfit which had given the trio their name—the Stars and Stripes.

Like fast-charging linebackers they sprinted around to the rear of the Old Mill and in through the kitchen door. A huge, slouch-shouldered cook, with a scarred face and beetling brows looked toward them, surprised. The trio stalked toward him.

Pepper said: "Listen, fellow, we're the new act the boss hired. We go on next, but before we do we want to talk to the fellow out at the ringside tables who is wearing a monocle. Have one of the waiters bring him back here."

THE cook leaped back away from them. His bushy brows crawled like snakes. His scarred face twisted into a frown. "You guys ain't kidding me," he snarled and picked up a long carving knife. "You're the Stars and Stripes. You're after Hans!"

The trio didn't wait to hear more. "He's one of them!" Van shouted and dove toward the cook in a flying tackle. "Gosh him!" At the same instant Whitey leaped forward and kicked upward. His foot struck the wrist of the cook. The knife clanged to the floor.

With the force of Van's tackle the scar-faced man was flung backward to the floor. His head hit the corner of a big stone fire-place with a sickening thud.

VAN got to his feet, glanced down at the prostrate figure. "He's out cold."

"Since he's one of the spies," Whitey said. "It's an even chance that more of the employees of this place are too."

"You are right about that," came a voice from behind them.

The Stars and Stripes whirled about. Standing in the doorway leading from inside the roadhouse, stood the man, Hans Horlitz. The monocle in his eye winked off light like a mirror. His lips were twisted in a merciless grin. In his right hand a luger gleamed. Standing next to

Horlitz were two waiters. Pistols pointed toward their fists toward the three patriots.

"This place is owned by me," Horlitz said. "Each of the employees are loyal countrymen of mine. You patriotic American fools have stuck your noses into a hornet's nest!"

A BRUPTLY Horlitz reached through the door behind him and yanked the blond singer into sight. She was very pale now. Her eyes were wide with fright.

"I've suspected right along," said Horlitz, "that this girl was a U. S. agent. She got in here to spy on me. She learned about the plans I stole and have on me, but was afraid to get some of her fellow agents in here to help her. She knew I would recognize them. So she decided to enlist your aid!"

Pepper, while Horlitz was talking, glanced behind him. He found three other waiters now guarding the door through which they had entered.

"Well, I guess you've got us trapped, all right," said Pepper, with a sigh. But the words were no sooner out of his mouth, than he lunged against Van and Whitey, knocking them sprawling behind a big kitchen table.

WITH almost the same motion, he grabbed a chair, slung it up toward the light. The bulb went out in a tinkle of broken glass. Gunfire stabbed orange flashes through the pitch dark that followed. There was the sound of great scrambling on the floor, the thud of bone socking against bone, foreign curses, groans and squeals of pain. Chairs socked against the walls with splintering crashes. Then all was suddenly silent again.

After a few seconds a beam of light darted across the room, showing Hans Horlitz and his men, sprawled unconscious in a cluster of broken dishes and furniture. The light finally fell on the surprised-looking face of the girl who was a U. S. agent. It held there for a moment and then a gun was thrust into each of her hands, along with a tiny calling card.

"You can take over from here," came a voice from near the light.

THEN footsteps ran toward the door. The door slammed. Lights snapped on elsewhere in the kitchen. The girl looked down at a little card she held in her hand with the words: **THE STARS AND STRIPES FOREVER!**

"I sure did the right thing when I called on those fellows for help," the girl said and smiled.

The next morning, in a distant hideaway, the Whitey and Pepper smiled too as they read the morning papers. The headline said: **CANG OF FOREIGN SPIES TRAPPED IN ROADHOUSE. THEIR CAPTURE SAVES VITAL AMERICAN MILITARY SECRETS.**

.....The End.....



# THE IRON SKULL

by Sam Gilman



THE U.S. MERCHANTMAN, VALIANT, SAILS CALMLY ALONG THE ATLANTIC... CARRYING A VALUABLE CARGO TO THE ALLIES...

SUDDENLY, WITHOUT A WORD OF WARNING, HER NOSE DIVES AND SHE DISAPPEARS INTO THE SEA



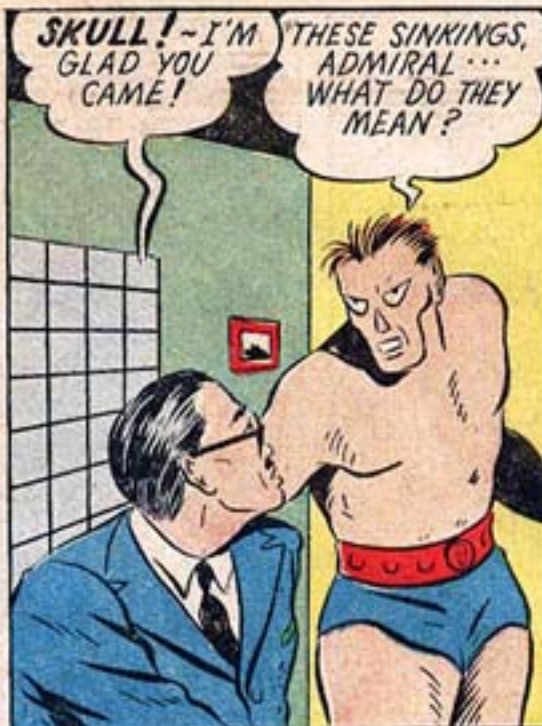
NO TIME TO LOSE!  
I MUST GET TO  
THE NAVY  
OFFICE!



FLYING HIGH ABOVE THE CITY, THE  
SKULL RACES TO THE NAVY DEPARTMENT

SKULL! ~ I'M  
GLAD YOU  
CAME!

THESE SINKINGS,  
ADMIRAL...  
WHAT DO THEY  
MEAN?



IT MEANS THAT THE  
SHIPMENTS SENT TO  
OUR ALLIES ARE BEING  
SUNK! WHAT'S MORE ~  
THERE'S NOT A CLUE  
AS TO HOW THE SHIPS  
ARE SUNK... NO TRACE  
OF CREW OR CARGO  
HAS BEEN FOUND!



WHEN DOES THE  
NEXT SHIP LEAVE...  
AND WHERE IS  
IT DOCKED?

TONITE AT  
NINE-THIRTY  
FROM PIER  
TWELVE!



AN ENEMY SUB HAS JUST BEEN  
CAPTURED IN OUR WATERS!...  
IN CUSTODY OF COAST-  
GUARD AT PIER SEVEN!

WHAT'S THAT  
YOU SAY?



GREAT! ~ ORDER A  
SPECIAL DETAIL  
READY TO LEAVE  
AT ONCE!



THIS MAY BE  
THE ANSWER TO  
OUR MYSTERY!  
COME! ~ LET US  
GO AT ONCE!

WAIT-ADMIRAL-  
I MUST ASK A  
SPECIAL FAVOR  
OF YOU...



LET ME VISIT THAT  
SUB ~ ALONE!





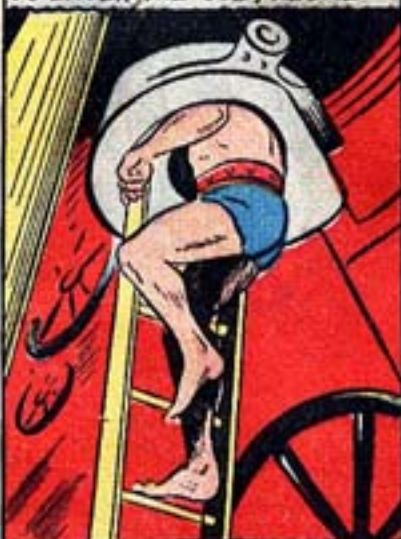
AT PIER SEVEN, COAST-GUARDSMEN  
STAND GUARD OVER THE CAPTURED SUB.



HALT AND PRESENT  
YOUR CREDENTIALS!



HIS CREDENTIALS IN ORDER,  
THE SKULL IS PERMITTED  
TO ENTER THE SUB, ALONE..



HE GOES IMMEDIATELY BELOW  
TO MEET THE ENEMY CAPTAIN.

WHAT IS IT YOU  
WANT OF ME?  
I WILL GIVE  
YOU NO  
INFORMATION!

I HAVE  
ONLY A FEW  
QUESTIONS  
I SHOULD  
LIKE TO ASK



MEANWHILE, IN ANOTHER SECTION OF THE CAPTURED SUB -  
THE PRISONERS TURN, SUDDENLY ON THE COAST-GUARDSMEN!

DUMMKOPF - VE  
ARE TAKING  
OVER, NOW

JA! - HERE IS A  
TASTE OF  
BLITZKRIEG!



THE VICIOUS SURPRISE ATTACK TURNS THE TABLES??

QUICK!  
START THE  
ENGINES!

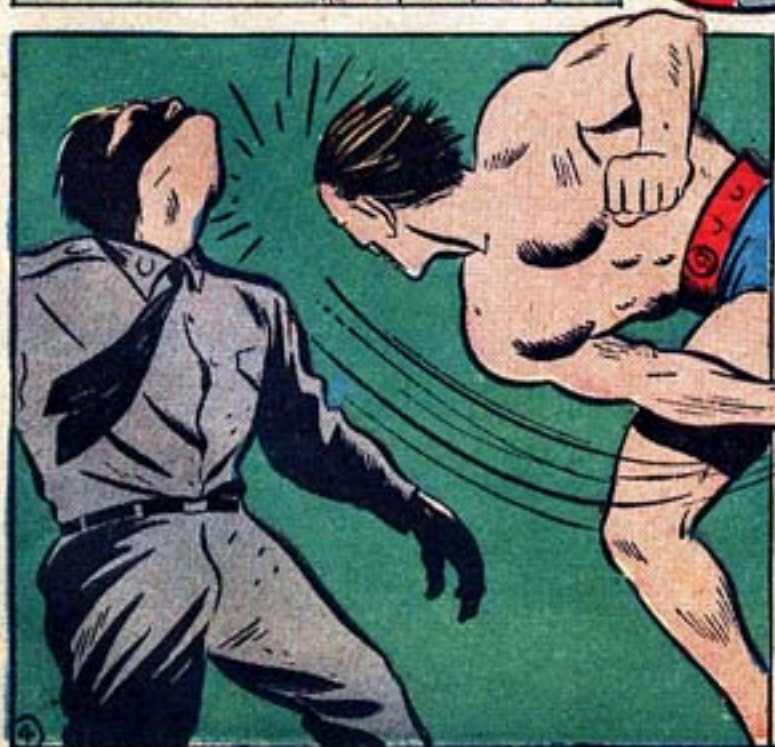
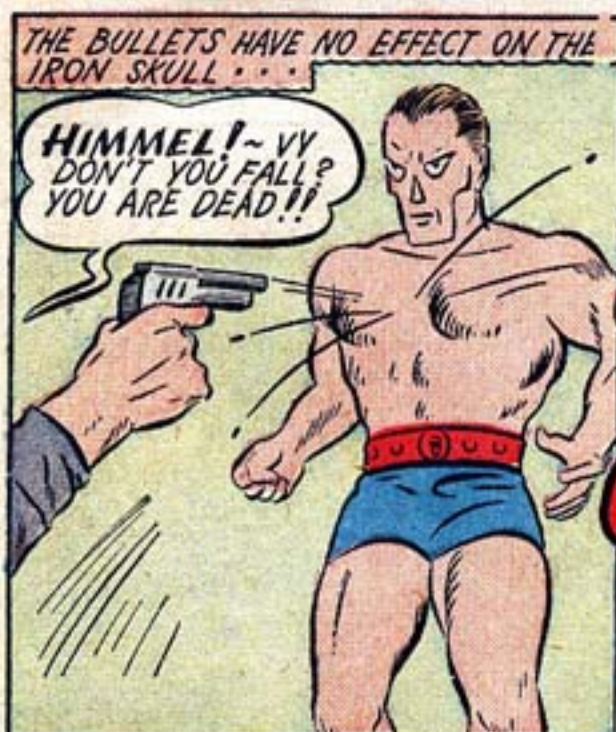


HO-HO-HO...  
HA! HA!

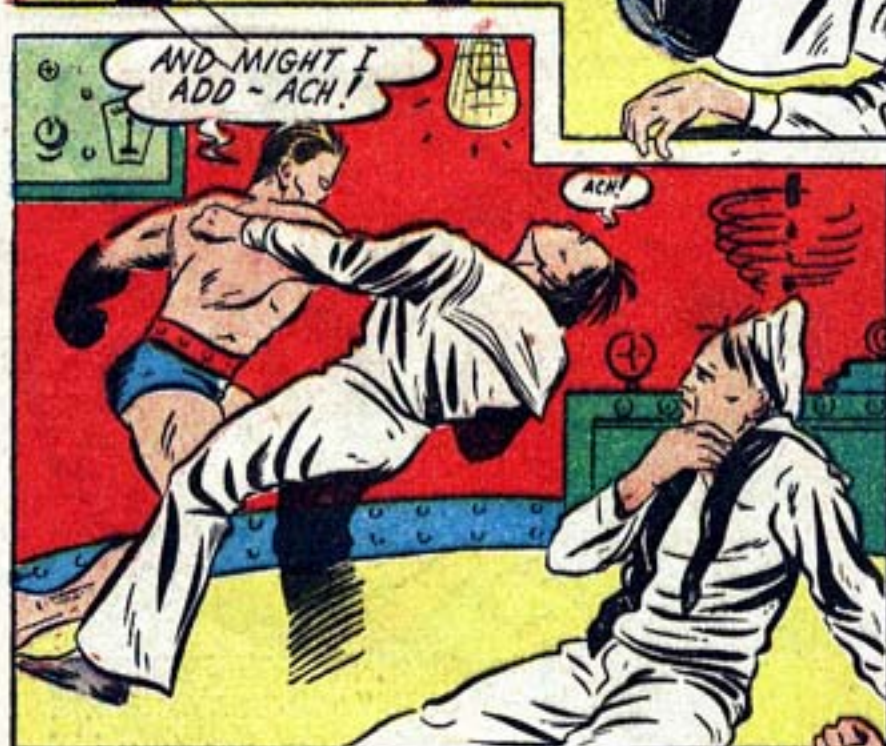
WHAT ARE YOU  
LAUGHING AT?!



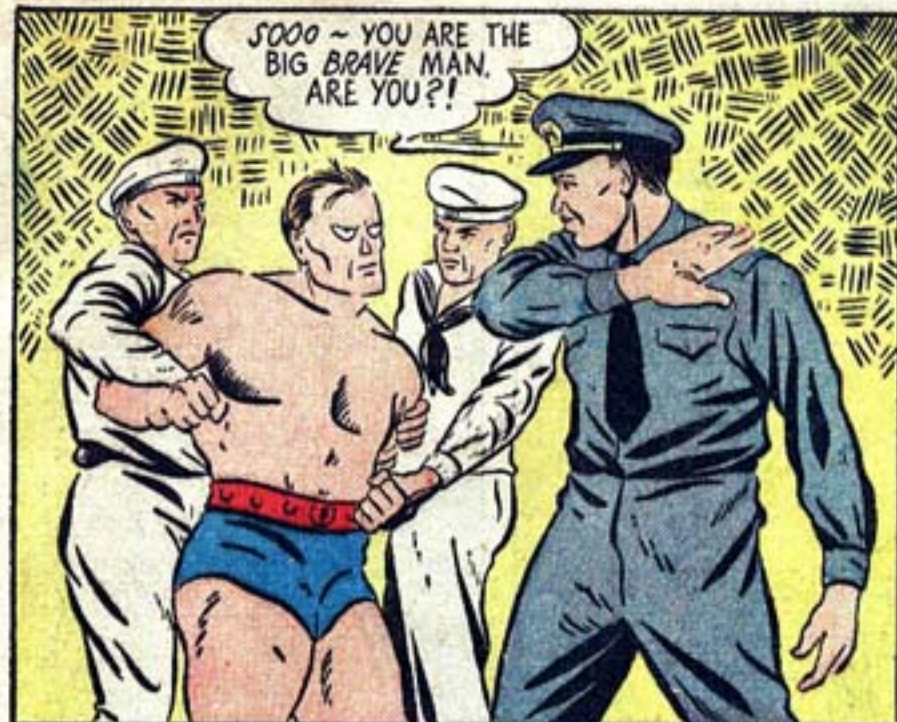
















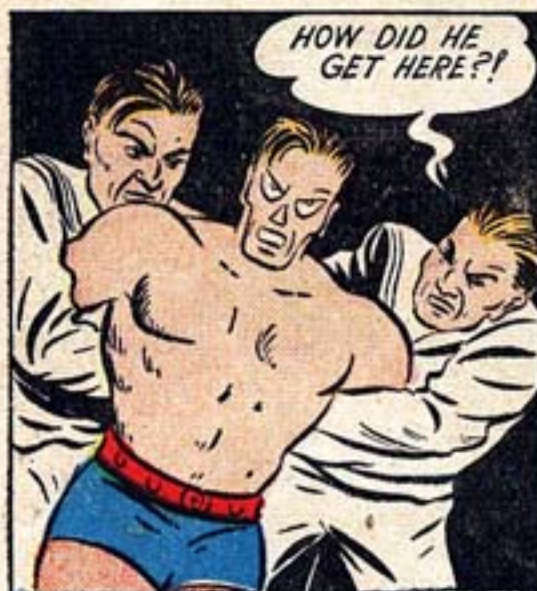
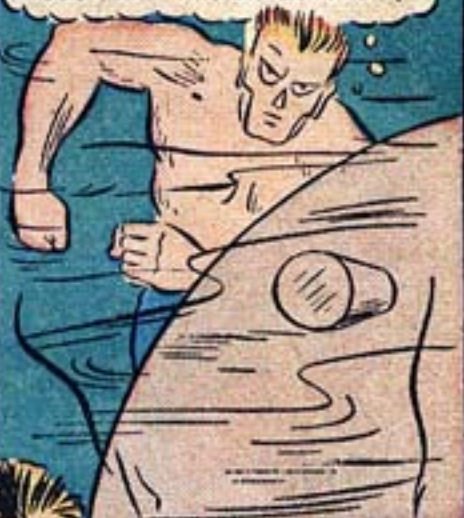
WITH A TERRIFIC IMPACT, THE SKULL SMASHES INTO A HUGE, DOME-LIKE MAGNETIC FORTRESS...

WITH A MIGHTY EFFORT, WHICH STRAINS HIS IRON MUSCLES TO THE UTMOST, THE SKULL TEARS HIS HANDS FROM THE MAGNET!



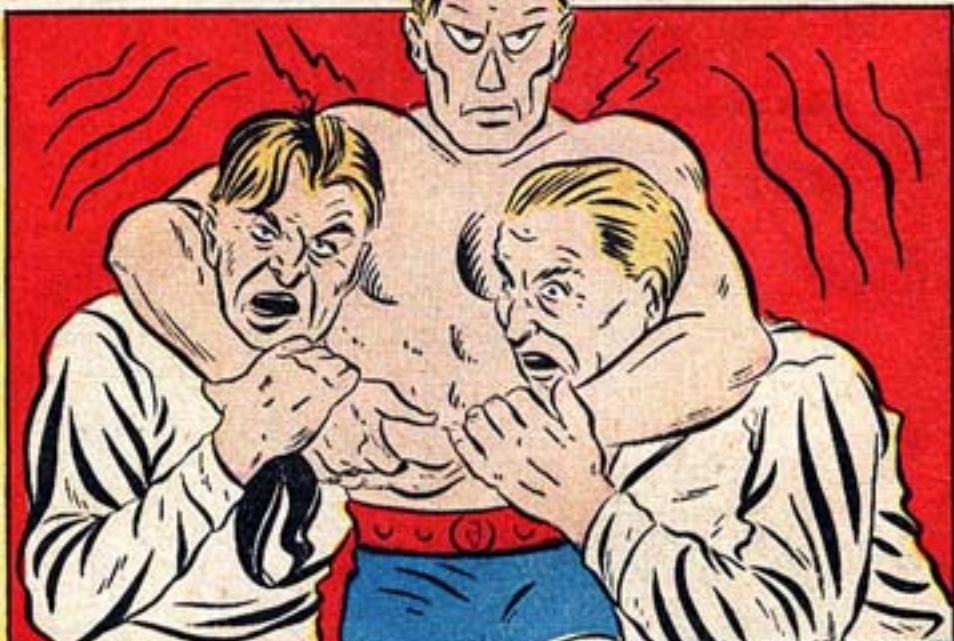
POUNDED FURIOUSLY AT THE DOME, THE IRON SKULL SUCCEEDS IN CRASHING THE OUTER SHELL...

GOTTA WORK FAST! - CAN'T HOLD OUT MUCH LONGER!



HOW DID HE GET HERE?!

HAVING BROKEN THRU THE OUTER SHELL, THE SKULL ENTERS THRU THE SAFETY HATCH... BUT EXHAUSTED BY HIS SUBMERSION HE IS QUICKLY SEIZED BY TWO OF THE CREW



REGAINING HIS STRENGTH, THE SKULL LOCKS THE TWO SPIES IN A VICE-LIKE GRIP AND CHOKES THEM INTO SUBMISSION...



SO THAT'S HOW OUR SHIP'S HAVE BEEN SUNK!

A POWERFULL MAGNETIC FORCE THAT DRAWS THEM DOWN!

LOOKING AROUND, THE SKULL SPIES A PERISCOPE...

LOOKING THRU THE PERISCOPE, THE SKULL SPIES THE ENEMY SUB, AS IT APPROACHES.

LOOKS LIKE THE SAME SUB... AND IT'S COMING THIS WAY!





THE SUBMARINE APPROACHES AND  
MOORES ONTO THE MAGNETIC FORTRESS



THE NAZI CAPTAIN ENTERS  
THRU THE SPECIAL TUNNEL



..YOU?! - BUT  
YOU ARE DEAD!

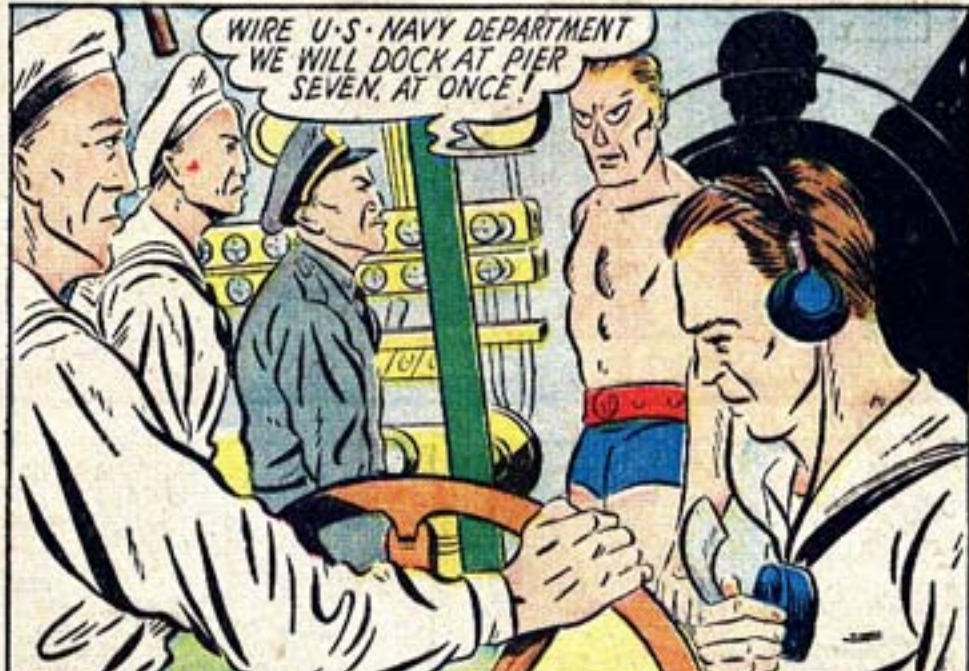


ORDER YOUR MEN BACK  
TO THEIR POSTS - WE  
START FOR SHORE  
IMMEDIATELY!



THE MAN  
MUST BE  
THE DEVIL!

WIRE U.S. NAVY DEPARTMENT  
WE WILL DOCK AT PIER  
SEVEN, AT ONCE!



WITH THE SKULL IN COMMAND - THE SUB STARTS FOR SHORE.

THERE SHE COMES!  
THANKS TO THE  
IRON SKULL!



AT PIER SEVEN, CHIEF STEWART WAITS ANXIOUSLY FOR THE SUB.

OUR COUNTRY  
IS PROUD  
OF YOU,  
SKULL

WE'VE ALL GOT  
TO DO OUR  
PART NOW,  
CHIEF!





# MIGHTY MAN



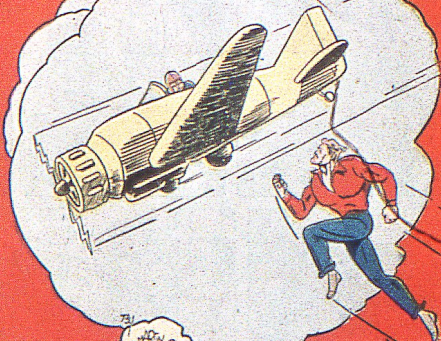
HE CAN GROW



HE CAN SHRINK



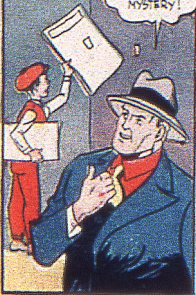
HE CAN CHANGE HIS FEATURES



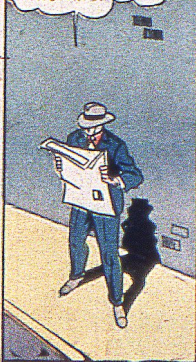
73/  
WOL  
FLOOD

EXTRA EXTRA  
- ANOTHER BASEBALL  
PITCHER DISAPPEARS!  
EXTRA 'EXTRA'

I'M GOING TO  
LOOK INTO THIS  
MYSTERY!



W.H.M. LAST WEEK SPEC SMITH THE  
STAR PITCHER OF THE CUBS DISAPPEARED!  
HIS SHIRT IS ALSO MISSING - SINCE  
THEN TWO MORE FASTBALL PITCHERS  
HAVE VANISHED! YES! THIS IS  
A JOB FOR ME!

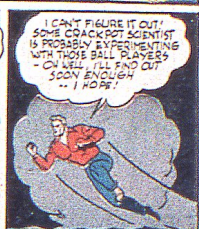
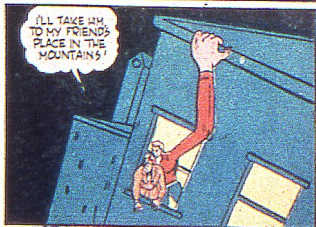
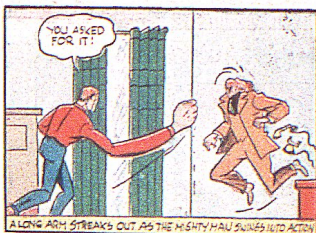


IF THE SPORTS WRITERS ARE  
RIGHT - SPEC SMITH WAS THE  
FOURTH FASTEST PITCHER IN  
THE LEAGUE - THE OTHER TWO  
ARE JUST A LITTLE BIT FASTER.  
I HAVE A HUNCH BILL TELLER  
THE NUMBER ONE SPEEDBALL  
PITCHER OF THE LEAGUE IS NEXT  
IN LINE - I'M GOING TO PAY  
HIM A VISIT... TONIGHT!





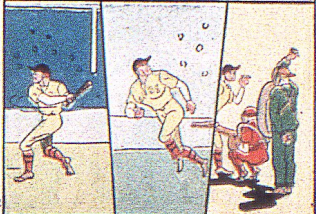
THAT SAME EVENING IN BILL TELLER'S HOTEL ROOM.



THE NEXT DAY THE NEW BILLY TELLER IS PITCHING HIMSELF A WHOLE OF A BALL GAME!



INNINGS AFTER INNINGS HE SETS THEM DOWN ONE-TWO-THREE!

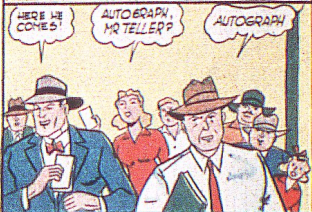




WHEN THE FINAL OUT IS MADE IN THE NINTH INNING - SEAN SAYS  
LOOSE! BILLY TELLER HAD PITCHED A NO HIT NO RUN GAME!



A CROWD IS WAITING FOR THEIR AUTO AT THE PLAYERS EXIT GATE



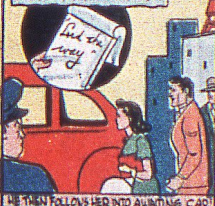
THE DISGUISED MIGHTY MAN SIGNS AUTOGRAPH AFTER AUTOGRAPH



-BUT AS HE IS ABOUT TO SIGN ONE YOUNG LADY'S BOOK...



THE MIGHTY MAN WRITES...



WE THEN FOLLOWED HER INTO AUNTING CAR!

THE YOUNG LADY WHISPERS...



I CAN'T TALK NOW!  
THE DRIVER WILL  
OVER HEAR US!

LATER... AT A LARGE MANSION ON THE  
OUTSKIRTS OF TOWN!



YOU'RE NOW IN  
THE HANDS OF THOSE  
TWO MEN - AND  
HEAVENS HELP YOU!

WHAT?

MR TELLER, YOU'RE PROBABLY  
WONDERING WHY WE HAD YOU  
BROUGHT HERE I'LL TELL YOU  
WHY - BUT FIRST ANSWER  
THIS QUESTION - ARE YOU  
INTERESTED IN STOPPING  
THIS PRESENT WAR?



ABSOLUTELY! I'M  
WILLING TO GIVE MY  
LIFE IF NECESSARY!



GOOD! NOW  
LET'S GO BEHIND  
THE BUILDING! I  
WANT TO SEE IF  
YOU CAN DO  
SOMETHING!

WE'RE FOUR HUNDRED YARDS  
FROM THE MANSION - SEE IF YOU  
CAN THROW THIS BASEBALL THROUGH  
THAT TOP WINDOW ON THE RIGHT!







"THAT'S EASY!  
WATCH THIS!"



WITH ASTOUNDING EASE THE  
DISGUISED MIGHTY MAN THROWS  
THE BALL THROUGH THE WINDOW!

"GOOD!  
BUT THAT  
WAS LUCK!"



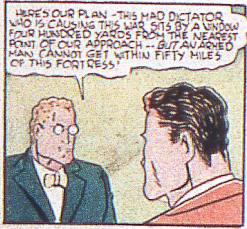
"LUCK! DO  
YOU HAVE ANY  
MORE BALLS?  
I'LL SHOW YOU  
SOMETHING!"

"SURE!  
HERE'S THREE  
MORE!"



THE MIGHTY MAN PROMPTLY TURNS  
THE NEXT BALL THROUGH THE  
HOLE MADE BY THE FIRST  
THEY HE FOLLOWS UP BY  
THROWING THE NEXT TWO  
WITH HIS LEFT HAND!

"YOU'RE  
OUR MAN!"



HERE'S OUR PLAN - THIS MAD DICTATOR  
WHO IS CAUSING THIS WAR SITS BY A WINDOW  
FOUR HUNDRED YARDS FROM THE NEAREST  
POINT OF OUR APPROACH - BUT ARMED  
MAN CANNOT GET WITHIN FIFTY MILES  
OF THIS FORTRESS!



WE HAVE A SPECIAL BASEBALL FILLED  
WITH A DEADLY GAS - AN AMERICAN  
WITH A BASEBALL IN HIS HAND WON'T  
BE SUSPECTED - ONE THROWN BY  
YOU AND THE WORLD WILL BE  
RID OF A MANIAC - ARE YOU  
STILL WILLING?

"WHEN DO  
WE START?"



IN A FEW DAYS!  
MEANWHILE YOU'LL  
STAY HERE WITH  
US!

"FINE! (I'D LIKE  
TO LOOK AROUND  
IF YOU DON'T  
MIND!"

BUT THEY DID MIND AS THE MIGHTY MAN SOON FOUND OUT  
HE IS USHERED INTO A ROOM AND LOCKED IN!



"THIS IS QUEER! I SEE THINGS THEIR WAY  
AND YET I'M A PRISONER! AND WHERE ARE  
THOSE OTHER PITCHERS? I'LL HAVE TO  
STEAL OUT AND DO A LITTLE INVESTIGATING!"

"WHO'S  
THERE?"



"OH BOY! FOOD!  
I'D LIKE TO  
TALK TO YOU  
SO DON'T HURRY  
OUT!"

"I CAN'T  
TALK - WE'RE  
BEING  
WATCHED!"



WISHING TO COVER UP THE  
YOUNG LADY'S WHISPER  
THE MIGHTY MAN TAKES  
A BITE OF THE SANDWICH  
AND SWALLONS IT!

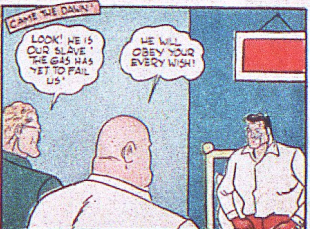
"HMM! TASTES  
LIKE PAPER!"

THIS WAS A MISTAKE.



"A NOTE IN THE SANDWICH!  
BE CAREFUL! THEY ARE  
GOING TO - - - -  
GOOD HEAVENS! I ATE  
THE OTHER PART! OH  
WELL! I'M ALWAYS  
PREPARED ANYHOW!"

BUT THAT NIGHT AS HE SLEPT  
A NEW POWERFUL MYSTERY  
GAS WAS PUMPED INTO HIS  
ROOM!



CAME THE DAWN!

"LOOK! HE IS  
OUR SLAVE!  
THE GAS WAS  
YET TO FAIL  
US!"

"WE WILL  
OBEY YOUR  
EVERY WISH!"

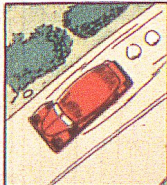
- AS HE SOON FOUND OUT.





THEN WE MUST ACT  
AT ONCE! PREPARE  
FOR OUR DEPARTURE!

ON A FEW MINUTES THE MIGHTY  
MAN AND THE TWO MYSTERIOUS  
CONSPIRATORS COULD BE SEEN  
DRIVING TOWARD THE CITY!



SOMETIME LATER THE MIGHTY MAN, WITH A BASEBALL IN HIS  
HAND WAS WALKING DIZZED DOWN AN UNFAMILIAR STREET!



WHITE BUILDING  
TOP WINDOW...  
... THROW BALL...  
... I'LL DO IT!

SUDDENLY HE STOPS! A SMALL GIRL WITH A MAGAZINE IN HER  
HAND WAS ADDRESSING HIM! HE STARES WERDLY AS HE LISTENS



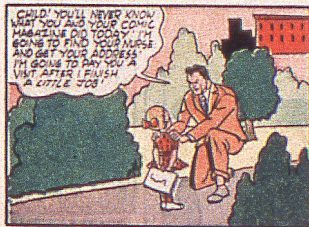
MISTER! I CAN'T FIND  
MY NURSEY AND I WANT  
SOME ONE TO READ MY  
COMIC MAGAZINE! WILL  
YOU READ IT FOR ME.  
HUH?

WITH A CATCH IN HIS  
VOICE THE MIGHTY MAN  
SPEAKS TO THE CHILD

S-SURE I'LL READ IT  
AND I'LL FIND YOUR  
NURSEY TOO - BUT  
FIRST CAN YOU TELL  
ME THE NAME OF  
THIS CITY?

HO'HO! YOU'RE  
JOKING, MISTER!  
EVERYBODY KNOWS  
WHERE THE  
WASHINGTON  
MONUMENT IS!

GREAT SCOTTY!  
I WAS DUPED  
INTO A PLOT  
TO KILL OUR  
PRESIDENT!



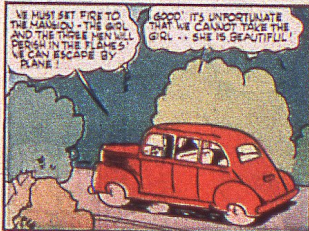
CHILD! YOU'LL NEVER KNOW  
WHAT YOU AND YOUR COMIC  
MAGAZINE DID TODAY! I'M  
GOING TO FIND YOUR NURSE  
AND GET YOUR ADDRESS.  
I'M GOING TO PAY YOU A  
VIST AFTER I FINISH  
A LITTLE JOB!

THAT'S ODD - THAT'S  
THE SECOND NEWS  
REPORT I'VE HEARD  
AND STILL NO REAL  
NEWS!



SOMETHING WENT WRONG!  
IF THE POLICE CAUGHT HIM  
IT'LL BE BAD FOR US! I'LL  
TALK AFTER THE GAS  
HAS WORN OFF

MEANWHILE THE TWO CONSPIRATORS ARE DRIVING HOME... PUZZLED!



WE MUST SET FIRE TO  
THE HANGAR! - THE GIRL  
AND THE THREE MEN WILL  
PERISH IN THE FLAMES!  
WE CAN ESCAPE BY  
PLANE!

GOOD! IT'S UNFORTUNATE  
THAT WE CANNOT TAKE THE  
GIRL... SHE IS BEAUTIFUL!

AH! WE ARE  
HERE! YOU SET  
FIRE TO THE  
BUILDING! I'LL  
GET THE PLANE  
OUT OF THE  
HIDDEN HANGAR



A SHORT TIME LATER THE BUILDINGS ARE  
ABLAZE! THE TWO KILLERS ARE ABOUT TO  
DEPART WHEN ONE OF THEM NOTICES A  
SPECK IN THE SKY!

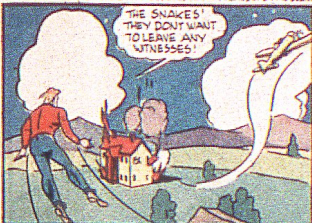


LOOK!  
A PLANE!  
LET'S  
SCRAH!

THAT'S NO  
PLANE! IT'S  
SOMETHING DARKER -  
A FLYING MAN!



AS THE PLANE DROPS OFF THE MIGHTY MAN APPEARS UPON THE SCENE



THE MIGHTY MAN DIVES DOWN INTO THE BLAZING INFERNO

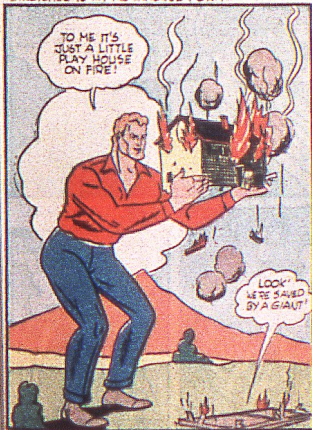
LIKE A COMET HE DIVES THROUGH THE ROOF



BY SHEER LUCK HE DROPS INTO THE ROOM WHERE SHE IS HELD A PRISONER!



BY THOUGHT SUGGESTION THE MIGHTY MAN GROWS INTO A HUGE GIANT. HIS SPECIAL RUBBERIZED CLOTHING STRETCHES TO FIT HIS IMMENSE FORM!



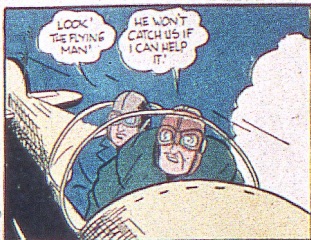
WITH THE BURNING BUILDING THROWN ASIDE THE MIGHTY MAN SAVINGS HIMSELF



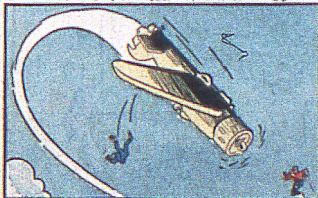
THE MIGHTY MAN DASHES OFF



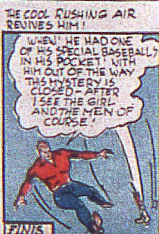
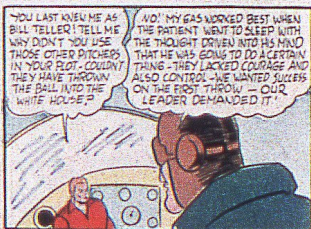
ONCE OUT OF SIGHT THE MIGHTY MAN - LIKE A HUGE FROG - BEGINS TO JUMP HIGH INTO THE SKY!



THE PILOT GOES INTO A DIVE - THE OTHER MAN, WHO HAD NEGLECTED TO STRAP HIMSELF IN, IS THROWN OUT!



DODGING BULLETS THE MIGHTY MAN HOPS UNDER THE PLANE.



HE STRIKES AT THE MIGHTY MAN.

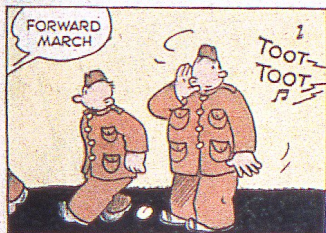
THE MIGHTY MAN IS THROWN FREE!

FINIS

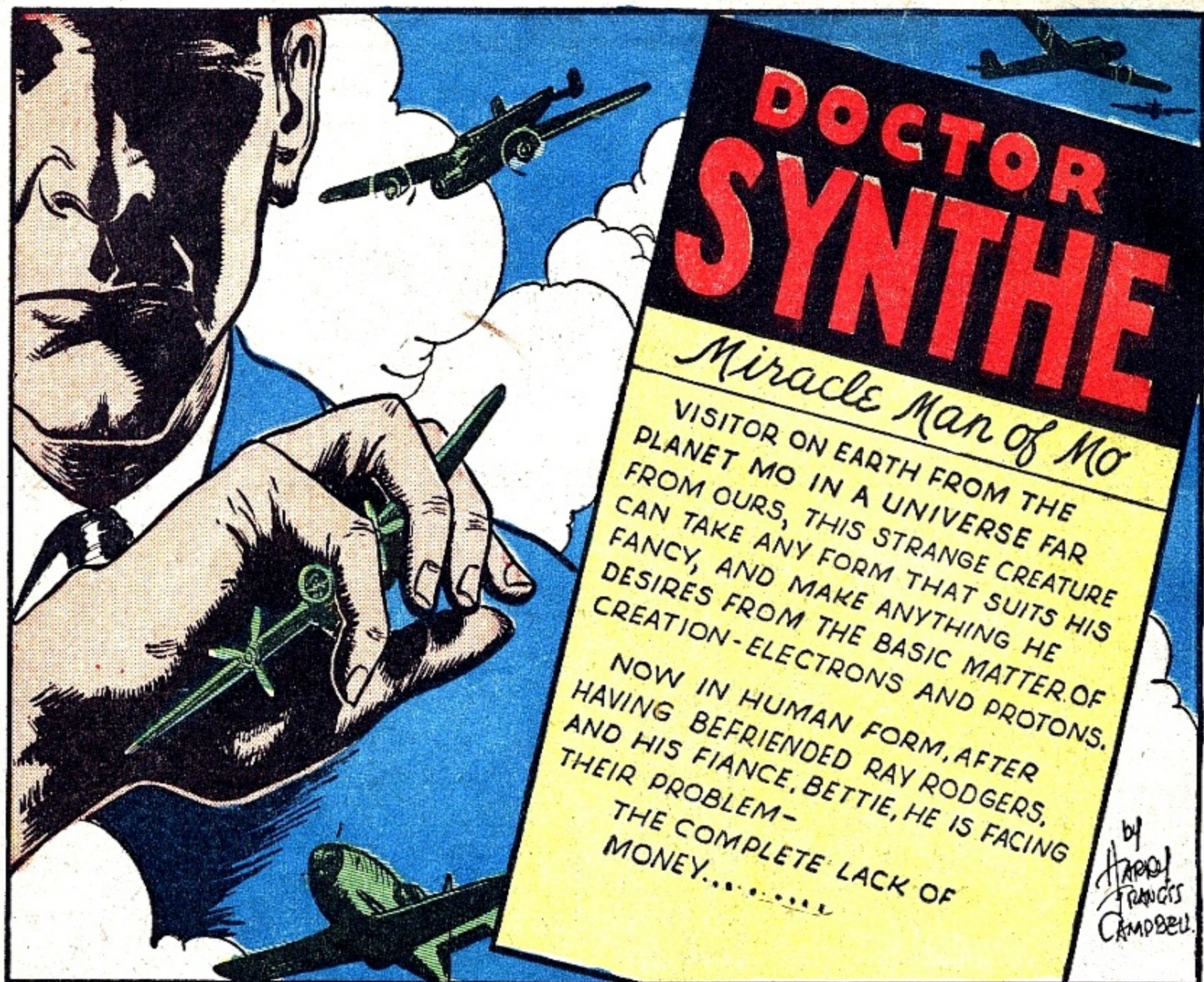


# PRIVATE DUFFY

by  
ART HELFANT







# DOCTOR SYNTHE

*Miracle Man of MO*

VISITOR ON EARTH FROM THE  
PLANET MO IN A UNIVERSE FAR  
FROM OURS, THIS STRANGE CREATURE  
CAN TAKE ANY FORM THAT SUITS HIS  
FANCY, AND MAKE ANYTHING HE  
DESIRES FROM THE BASIC MATTER OF  
CREATION-ELECTRONS AND PROTONS.

NOW IN HUMAN FORM, AFTER  
HAVING BEFRIENDED RAY RODGERS,  
AND HIS FIANCE, BETTIE, HE IS FACING  
THEIR PROBLEM-  
THE COMPLETE LACK OF  
MONEY.....

by  
HARRY  
FRANCIS  
CAMPBELL

MY FIRST EXPERIMENT IN MAKING  
THINGS RESULTED **DISASTROUSLY!**

HAVE YOU TWO ANY  
**SUGGESTIONS**, RAY?

NOW, IF YOU  
COULD **ONLY**  
MAKE **GOLD-**  
**DOC!**

**GOLD? THAT I UNDERSTAND! IT**  
**IS ELEMENT NUMBER 79. LOOK-**

**-GOLD!**

**AT LEAST \$5,000,000**  
**WORTH!**

**CREAK!**

DR. SYNTHES WAVES HIS  
HAND, AND A PILE OF  
GOLD MATERIALIZES.



LATER, AT THE SUB-TREASURY.



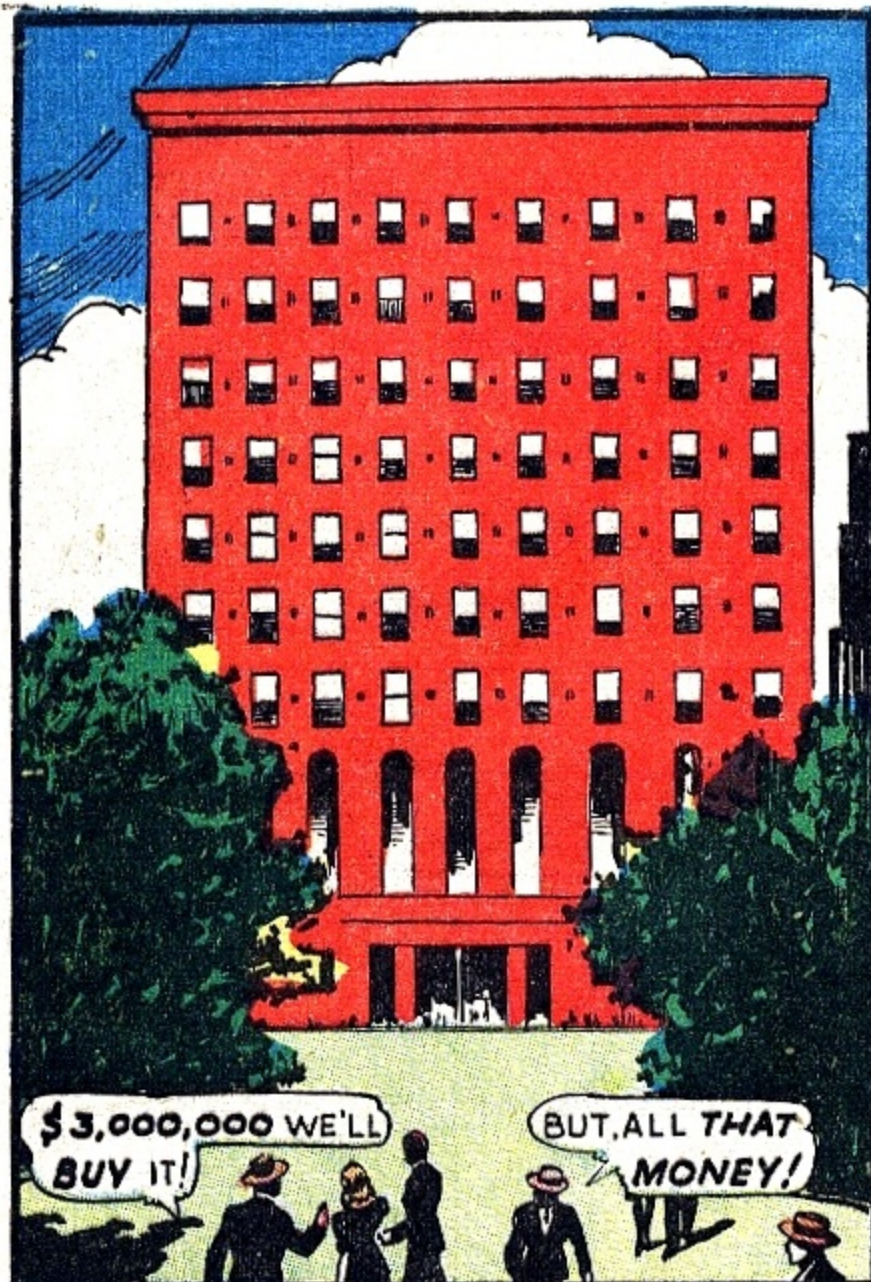
FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER —



HE WAVES HIS HAND AND A NEW HEAP OF GOLD APPEARS.









MEANWHILE, BACK IN NEW YORK—

RAY! LET'S DRIVE TO **CENTRAL PARK**, YOU REMEMBER THE **GROUND SQUIRREL** WE USED TO FEED!

SWELL, BETTIE!



BUT, A REPORTER FOLLOWS RAY AND BETTIE.

SYNTHETIC GOLD, HUH! I'LL FOLLOW THEM TILL I FIND OUT WHERE THAT GOLD REALLY CAME FROM.



LET'S SEE! THE HOLE OUGHT TO BE **HERE!**

GOLD IN CENTRAL PARK, I'LL BET!

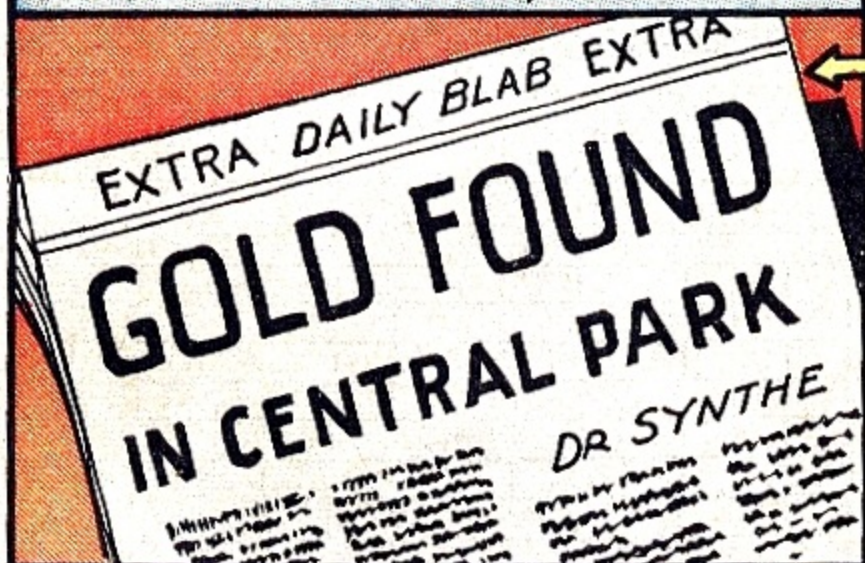


THE **PRECIOUS** LITTLE **GOLDEN** FELLOW IS DOWN THERE! LOOK!

GOLD, I KNEW IT! WHAT A STORY!



AND, ONE HOUR LATER, AN EXTRA PAPER.



GELT!

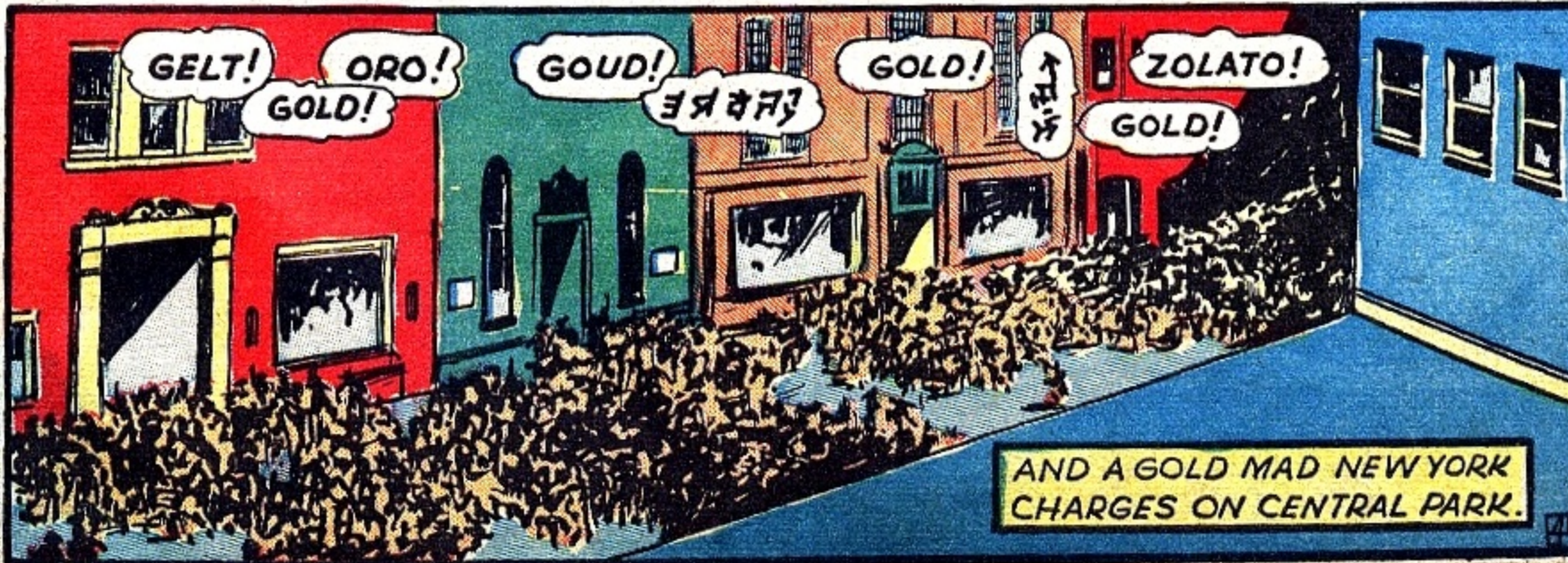
ORO!

GOUD!

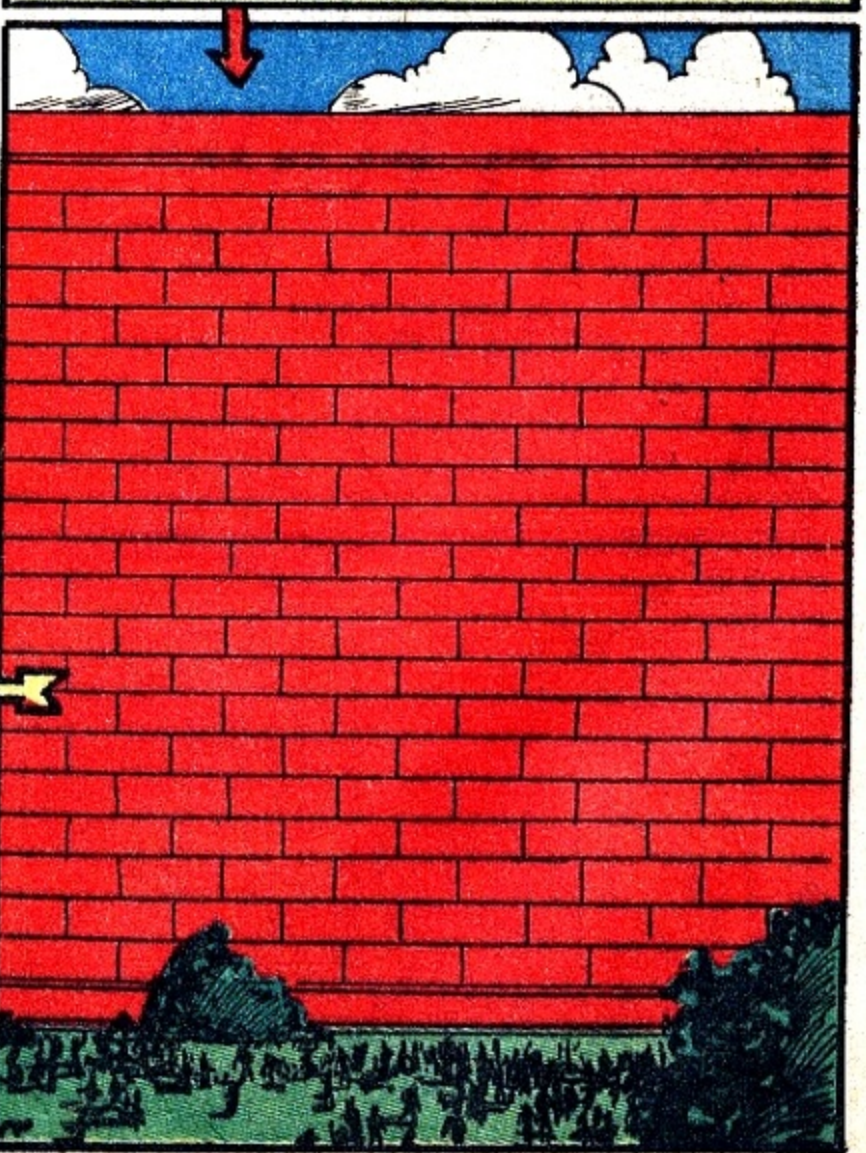
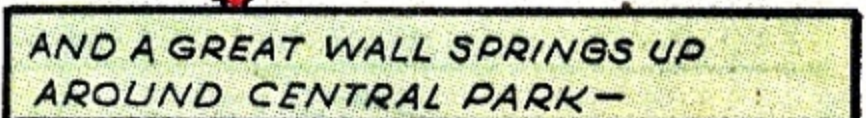
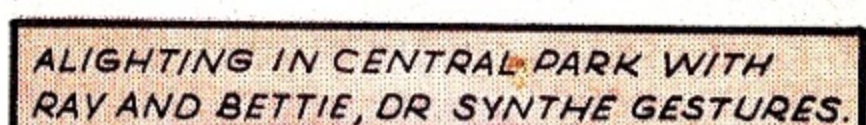
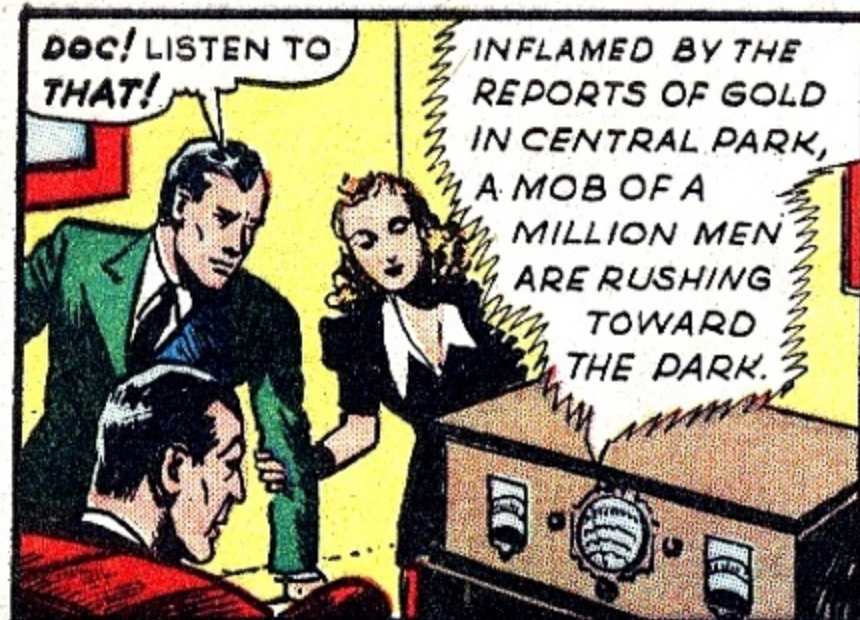
GOLD!

ZOLATO!

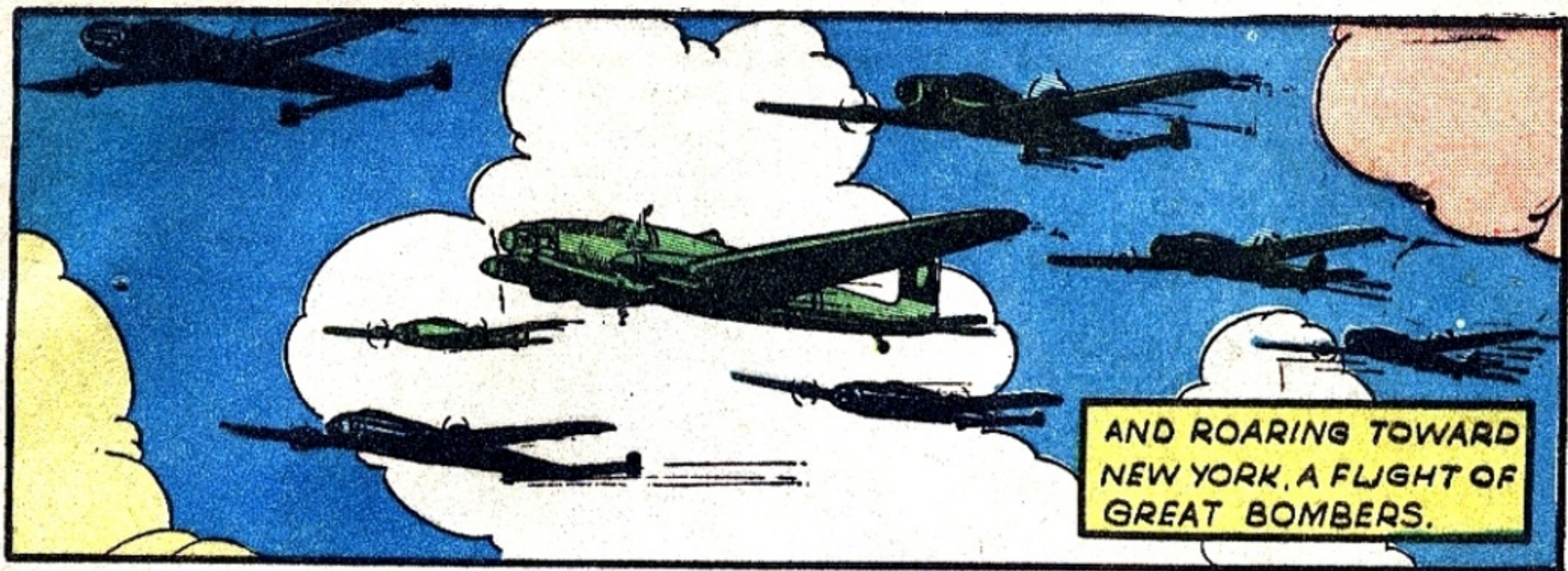
GOLD!



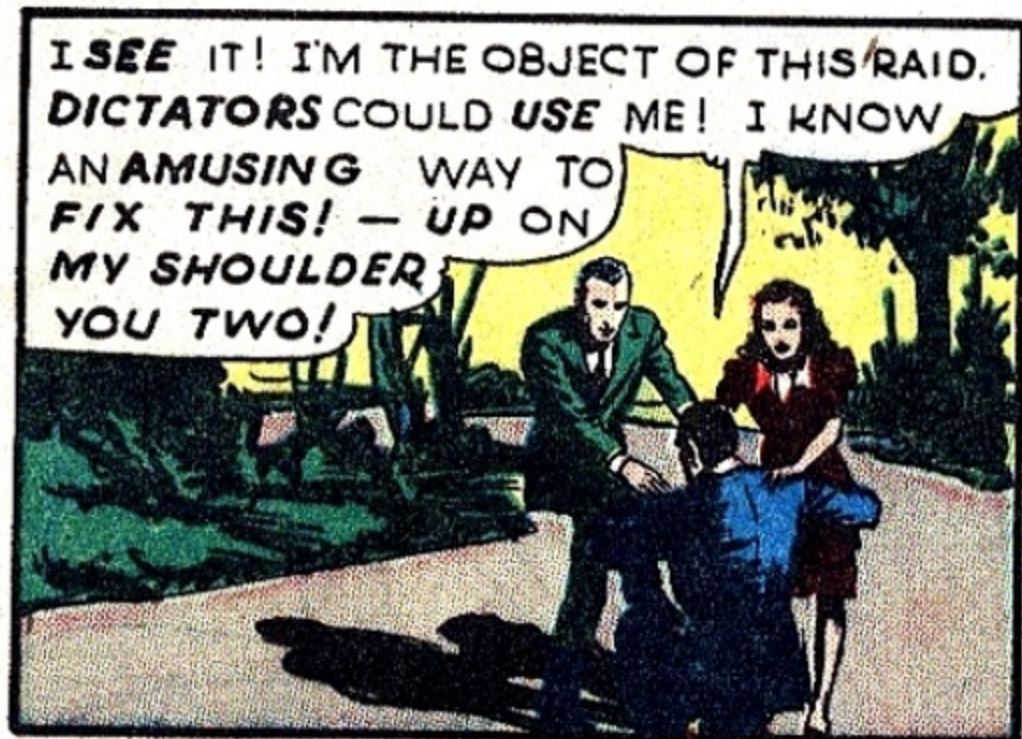








AND ROARING TOWARD  
NEW YORK, A FLIGHT OF  
GREAT BOMBERS.



I SEE IT! I'M THE OBJECT OF THIS RAID.  
DICTATORS COULD USE ME! I KNOW  
AN AMUSING WAY TO  
FIX THIS! — UP ON  
MY SHOULDER,  
YOU TWO!

AND A MILE-TALL GIANT, RAY AND BETTIE  
ON HIS SHOULDERS, SHOOTS SKYWARD.



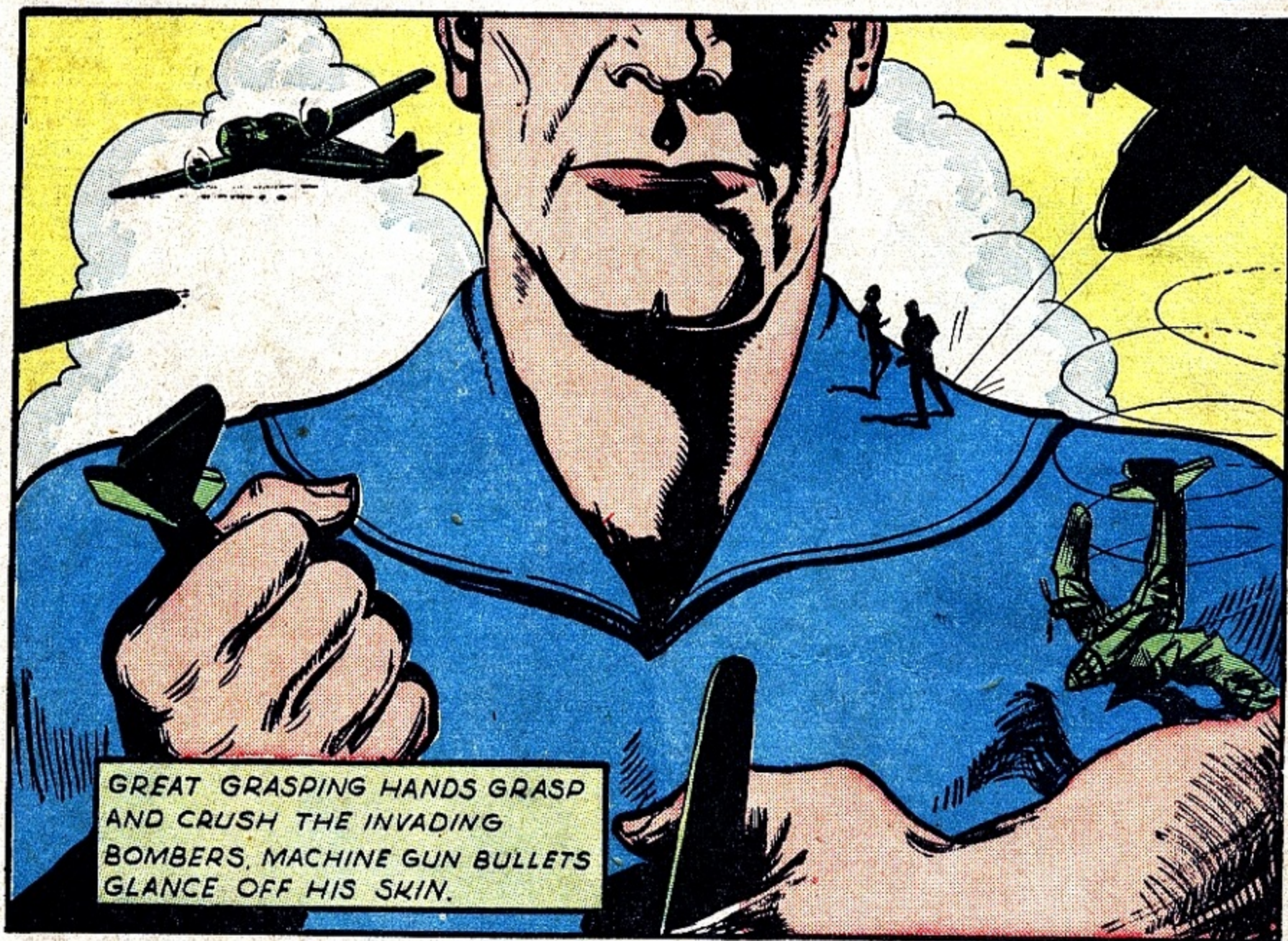
SOME TRICK,  
EH, KIDS?

I'LL SAY, DOC!

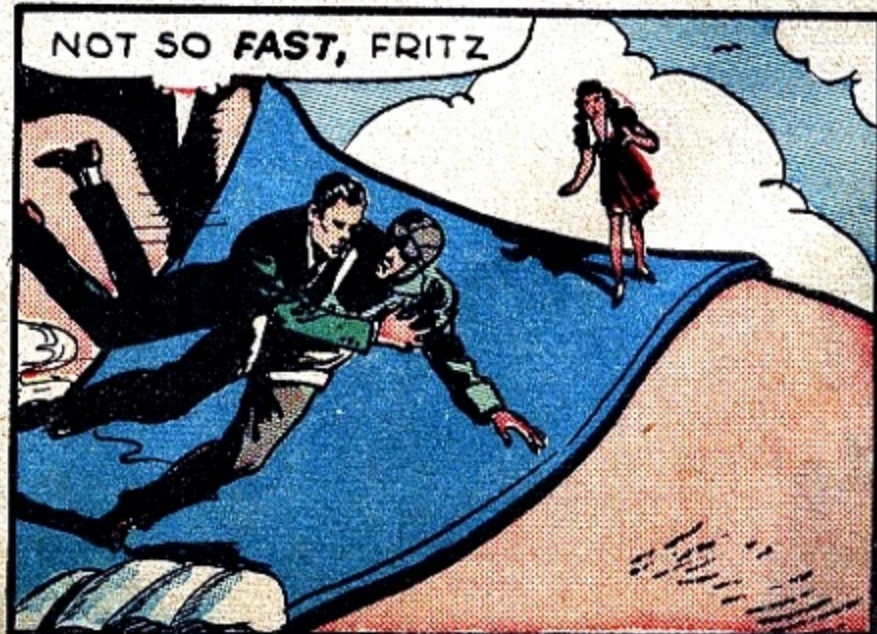


THE  
BOMBERS!





AN ENEMY FLIER BAILS OUT, AND LANDS ON DR SYNTHE'S SHOULDER.

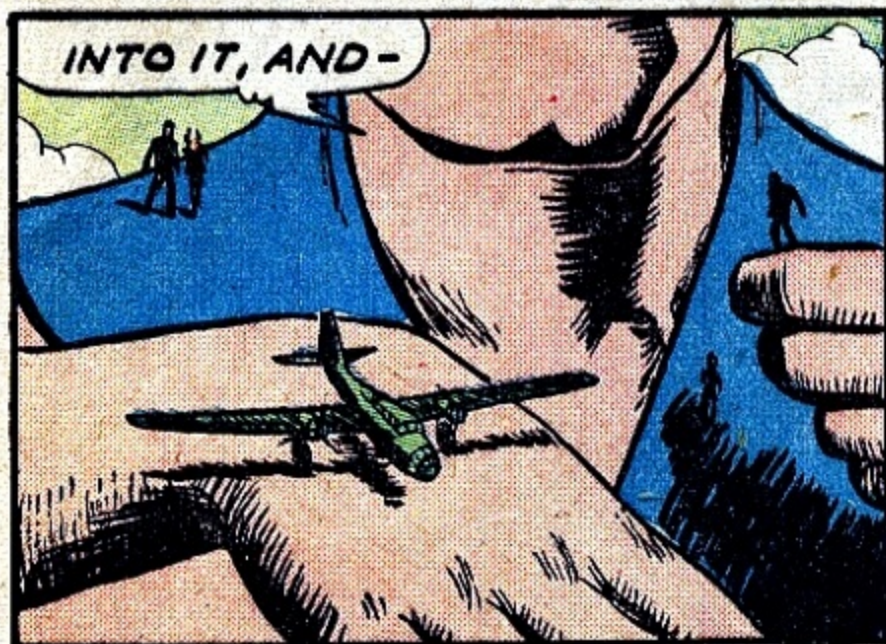




HEY, DOC, WHAT SHALL I DO WITH HIM?



INTO IT, AND-



GO!



AND THEN, DR. SYNTHE RESUMES HIS USUAL SIZE.

I CAN **USE YOU!** I SHALL SEND YOU BACK TO YOUR **MASTER**, THE **ONLY SURVIVOR** OF THIS RAID! TELL HIM **DR. SYNTHE SENT YOU**, I SHALL MATERIALIZE A **PLANE!**



LATER, IN DR. SYNTHE'S APARTMENT.

THE GOVERNMENT IS GRATEFUL, DR. SYNTHE. THE RAID FAILED, AND WE PASSED OFF THE GOLD STORY AS **ENEMY PROPAGANDA - BUT -**



-DID YOU KNOW **ALIENS MUST REGISTER?** HERE FILL IN THIS FORM!

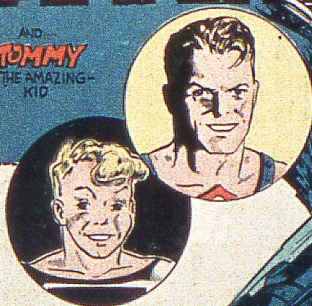


WELL, I'LL BE-

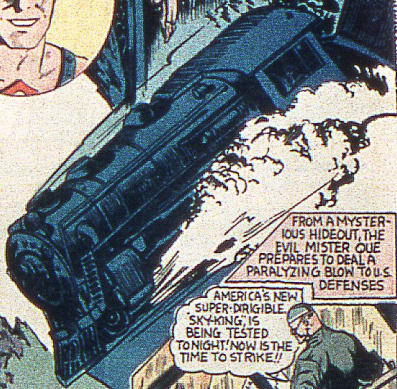


# THE AMAZING-MAN

AND...  
**TOMMY**  
THE AMAZING-  
KID



USING HIS SUPERNATURAL POWERS,  
THE ONE AND ONLY AMAZING-MAN  
AIDED BY THE AMAZING KID,  
TOMMY... FIGHTS TO SAVE THE  
U.S.A. FROM THE DIABOLICAL  
SABOTAGE SCHEME OF THAT  
ARCH-CRIMINAL, MR. QUE!!



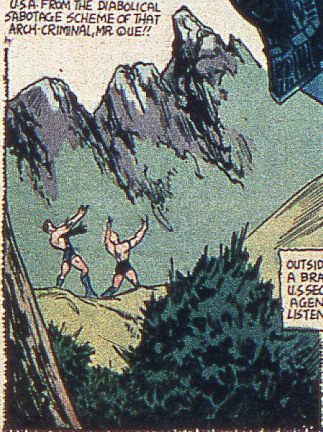
FROM A MYSTER-  
IOUS HIDEOUT, THE  
EVIL MISTER QUE  
PREPARES TO DEAL A  
PARALYZING BLOW TO U.S.  
DEFENSES

AMERICA'S NEW  
SUPER-DIRIGIBLE  
'SKY-KING' IS  
BEING TESTED  
TONIGHT! NOW IS THE  
TIME TO STRIKE!!

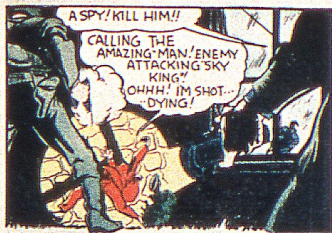
RAIDING SQUAD READY,  
MISTER QUE!!

OUTSIDE  
A BRAVE  
U.S. SECRET  
AGENT  
LISTENS!

THIS IS TERRIBLE!  
I MUST RADIO THE  
AMAZING-MAN!

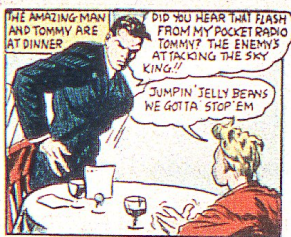






A SPY! KILL HIM!!

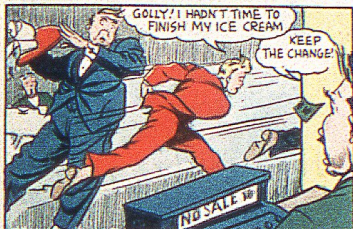
CALLING THE  
AMAZING-MAN 'ENEMY  
ATTACKING SKY  
KING'  
OHHH! I'M SHOT...  
DYING!



THE AMAZING-MAN  
AND TOMMY ARE  
AT DINNER

DID YOU HEAR THAT FLASH  
FROM MY POCKET RADIO  
TOMMY? THE ENEMY'S  
ATTACKING THE SKY  
KING!!

JUMPIN' JELLY BEANS  
WE GOTTA STOP 'EM



GOLLY! I HADN'T TIME TO  
FINISH MY ICE CREAM

KEEP  
THE CHANGE!



MEANWHILE THE MIGHTY SKY KING LANDS AFTER A TEST FLIGHT!

SHE'S THE FIRST DIRIGIBLE ABLE TO  
OPERATE IN THE STRATOSPHERE

SHE'LL HELP DEFEND  
AMERICA! LOOK WHAT'S  
THAT?



AN ENEMY PLANE  
IS DROPPING A  
TANK!

AND  
PARACHUTE  
TROOPS WERE  
BEING ATTACKED!



WE'VE GOT TO GET TO THE SKY KING'S  
BASE FAST! STRIP FOR ACTION  
TOMMY!

I BEAT  
YOU TO IT!



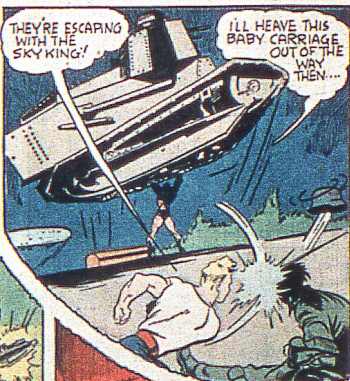
THEY'RE STEALING THE SKY KING  
AN...OH-H-H!





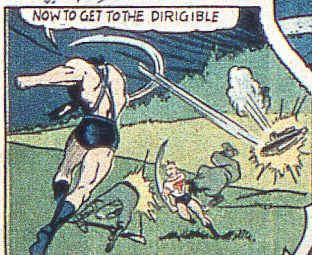
WE'RE TOO LATE! THE ENEMYS ATTACKED!

WE CAN'T LET THEM GET AWAY WITH THE SKY KING!



THEY'RE ESCAPING WITH THE SKY KING!

I'LL HEAVE THIS BABY CARRIAGE OUT OF THE WAY THEN....



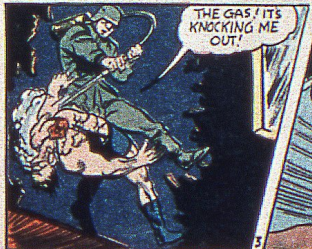
NOW TO GET TO THE DIRIGIBLE



CURSES! HERE COMES THE AMAZING MAN!



GIVE HIM THE KNOCK-OUT GAS! QUICK!



THE GAS! IT'S KNOCKING ME OUT!

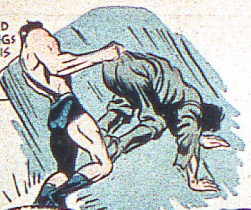


HIMMEL!

I'LL TAKE YOU ALONG WITH ME ANYWAY!



THE COLD AIR BRINGS HIM TO HIS SENSES JUST IN TIME



WILL HE TALK?

HE WILL OR ELSE! C'MON TELL ME HOW MISTER QUE'S GOING TO USE THE SKY KING!

HE'S GOING TO EQUIP IT WITH A SECRET WEAPON UNKNOWN TO ME! THEN HE'LL DESTROY THE PANAMA CANAL!

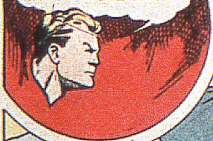


THE PANAMA CANAL! AMERICA'S VITAL ARTERY! TOMMY, WE MUST WORK FAST TO STOP THIS TERRIBLE PLAN

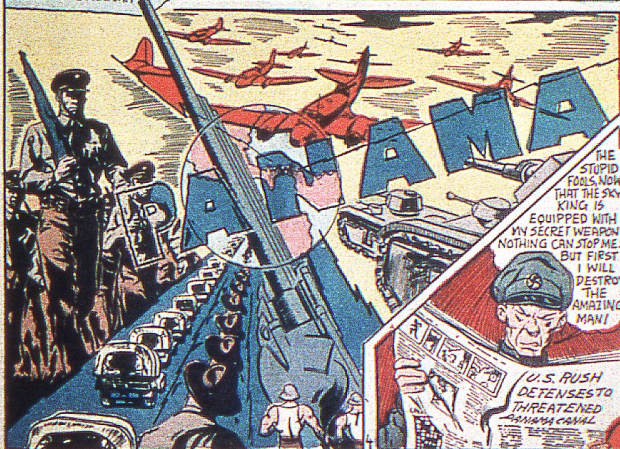
THE AMAZING MAN AND TOMMY RACE TO WASHINGTON

THE SKY KING CAN FLY HIGH IN THE STRATOSPHERE WE MUST RUSH ALL OUR

HIGH ALTITUDE PLANES TO THE CANAL AND STRENGTHEN GROUND DEFENSES! EVEN THAT MAY BE USELESS AGAINST QUE'S SECRET WEAPON !!



IN FRANTIC HASTE DEFENSES ARE SPEEDED TO PANAMA



THE STUPID FOOLS NOW THAT THE SKY KING IS EQUIPPED WITH MY SECRET WEAPON NOTHING CAN STOP ME! BUT FIRST I WILL DESTROY THE AMAZING MAN!

U.S. RUSH DEFENSES TO THREATENED PANAMA CANAL



THE AMAZING MAN AND TOMMY ARE ABOARD AN ARMORED TRAIN!...

GOSH, ONCE WE GET THESE SPECIAL ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUNS INTO POSITION, WE'LL KNOCK OLD GUE OUT OF THE SKY!

IF WE GET TO THE CANAL IN TIME!!

AS THE TRAIN CROSSES A MOUNTAIN BRIDGE A RAY STABS DOWN FROM THE SKY!

HEY! LOOKIT THAT FUNNY STREAK OF LIGHT!

THE BRIDGE IS CUT IN TWO!

THERE'S ONE WAY TO SAVE THIS TRAIN! COME ON TOMMY!

COME TO PAPA!

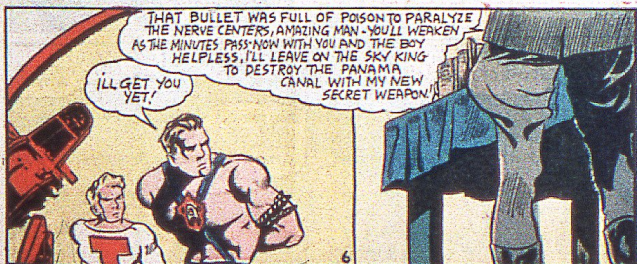
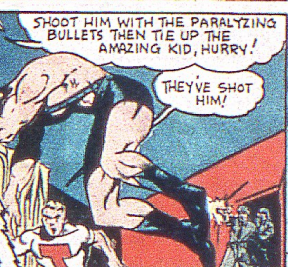
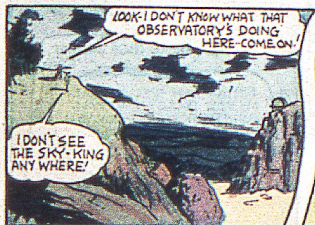
IF I WOULD HAVE HAD MY ICE CREAM DESERT, I WOULD BE MORE PREPARED FOR THIS!

GOT YOU!

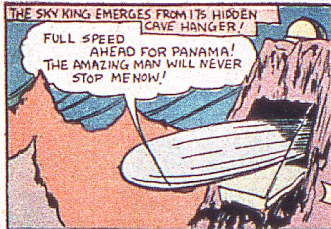
AMAZING MAN CATCHES THE FALLING TRAIN

LOOK! THAT RAY CAME FROM A DIRIGIBLE WAY UP IN THE SKY!









THE SKY KING EMERGES FROM ITS HIDDEN CAVE HANGER!

FULL SPEED  
AHEAD FOR PANAMA!  
THE AMAZING MAN WILL NEVER  
STOP MENOW!

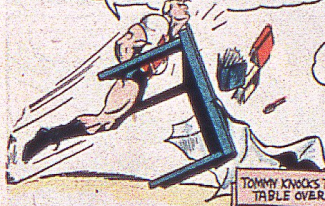


I CAN'T---- CAN'T  
BREAK THEM!

IF YOU  
COULD GET THAT MAGNIFYING  
GLASS FROM THE TABLE YOU  
MIGHT MAKE THE SUN BURN THE  
ROPE---BUT HURRY! I'M GROWING  
WEAKER!

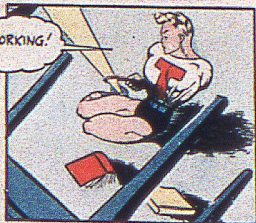
MINUTES GROW INTO HOURS AS TOMMY STRUGGLES!

I'LL TRY ANY THING  
ONCE!! -- THERE NOW TO PICK UP THE MAGNIFYING  
GLASS AND FOCUS THE SUN'S RAYS...



TOMMY KNOCKS THE  
TABLE OVER!

IT'S WORKING!



I'M FREE!  
FREE!

QUICK REACH INTO  
MY BELT POCKET!!  
GET ONE OF THE PILLS!



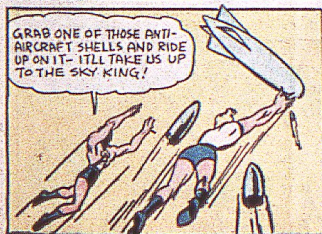
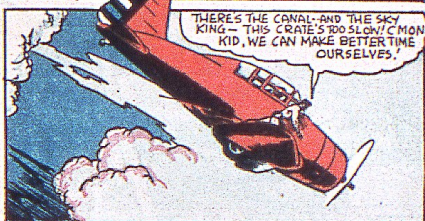
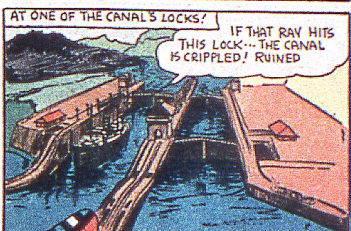
NOW FOR THE  
CANAL TO STOP  
MR QUE! WE'LL  
GRAB THAT PLANE,  
COME ON!



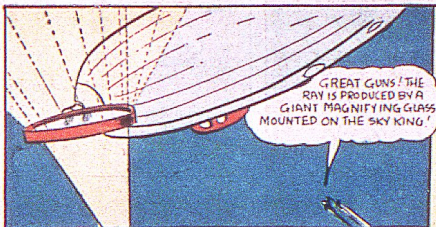
GOSH, THAT PILL  
SURE WORKED  
FAST!!



MEANWHILE  
AS THE  
AMAZING-MAN  
AND TOMMY  
SPEED SOUTH  
IN THE AIR-  
PLANE, THE  
GIANT SKY  
KING ROARS  
OVER THE  
PANAMA CANAL  
IN THE STRATO-  
SPHERE!







GREAT GUNS! THE RAY IS PRODUCED BY A GIANT MAGNIFYING GLASS MOUNTED ON THE SKY KING!



IT'S THE AMAZING MAN - CURSES

GET OFF THAT SHELL BEFORE IT EXPLODES TOMMY!



FOCUS THE RAY ON THE AMAZING-MAN AN' THE BOY **QUICK!**



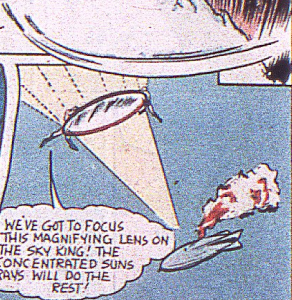
THEY'RE TURNING THE RAY ON US, WE'VE GOT TO TEAR THAT GLASS FREE!



HURRY, WE'LL TEAR THIS BIG GLASS OFF, THAN.....



WE'VE GOT TO FOCUS THIS MAGNIFYING LENS ON THE SKY KING! THE CONCENTRATED SUNS RAYS WILL DO THE REST!



THE PANAMA CANAL IS SAVED!



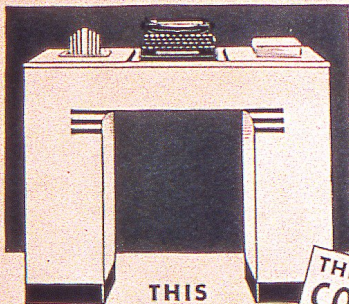
I WONDER IF THE CRIMINAL QUE MET HIS DEATH WHEN THIS WRECKAGE FELL?



I'M AFRAID HE ESCAPED... HEY TOMMY, WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

TO GET THAT ICE CREAM DESSERT. JEEPERS, I'M HUNGRY!





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## Stars and Stripes Comics #4

1941 Series - Centaur, Sep-41, coverprice \$0.10 , 68 pages.

Format: Standard Golden Age U.S.; Full Color; Glossy Cover; Newsprint Interior; Saddle-Stitched; was On-Going Series

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Character appearances:

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Issues in this series have been indexed by:

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Chris Launder .

Stories/features:

1. [Origin of the Stars & Stripes

Feature: Stars and Stripes

2. [The Saboteur's]

Feature: Minimidget

3. [Fishing for Bears]

Feature: Igloo Iggy

4. [Shark & Pop Save the Whalers!!!]

Feature: Shark

5. Hornet's Nest

Feature: Stars & Stripes

6. [Ships Sucked Down Under]

Feature: Iron Skull

7. [Mystery of the Missing Pitchers]

Feature: Mighty Man

8. [No Union in the Army]

Feature: Private Duffy

9. [The Midas Touch]

Feature: Dr. Synthe

10. [Mr. Que's Magnified Ray]

Feature: Aman the Amazing-Man

Series info

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[Origin of the Stars & Stripes]  
(Sequence 1 - Story , 12 pages )  
Feature Story: Stars and Stripes

Credits:  
? (Script), ? (Pencils), ? (Inks), ? (Colors), ? (Letters).

Character appearances:  
Stars and Stripes

Indexer notes:  
"I & O: The Stars and Stripes (Pepper, Van, and Whitey)"

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[The Saboteur's]  
(Sequence 2 - Story , 7 pages )  
Feature Story: Minimidget

Credits:  
? (Script), John F Kolb (Pencils), John F Kolb (Inks), ? (Colors), ? (Letters).

Character appearances:  
Minimidget

-----

[Fishing for Bears]  
(Sequence 3 - Story , 2 pages )  
Feature Story: Igloo Iggy

Credits:  
N/A (Script), Martin Filchock (Pencils), Martin Filchock (Inks), Martin Filchock (Colors), N/A (Letters).

Indexer notes:  
There is no captions or words at all in this story, only artwork.

-----

[Shark & Pop Save the Whalers!!!]  
(Sequence 4 - Story , 8 pages )  
Feature Story: Shark

Credits:  
Lew Glanz (Script), Lew Glanz (Pencils), Lew Glanz (Inks), ? (Colors), ? (Letters).

Character appearances:  
Shark; Neptune



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Hornet's Nest  
(Sequence 5 - Text Story , 2 pages )  
Feature Story: Stars & Stripes

Credits:  
Robert Turner (Script), Glanz (Pencils), Glanz (Inks), Glanz (Colors), typeset (Letters).

Character appearances:  
Stars & Stripes

Indexer notes:  
1/4 page of artwork

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[Ships Sucked Down Under]  
(Sequence 6 - Story , 8 pages )  
Feature Story: Iron Skull

Credits:  
? (Script), ? (Pencils), ? (Inks), ? (Colors), ? (Letters).

Character appearances:  
Iron Skull

---

[Mystery of the Missing Pitchers]  
(Sequence 7 - Story , 7 pages )  
Feature Story: Mighty Man

Credits:  
Martin Filchock (Script), Martin Filchock (Pencils), Martin Filchock (Inks), ? (Colors), Martin Filchock? (Letters).

Character appearances:  
Mighty Man

Genre: superhero

---

[No Union in the Army]  
(Sequence 8 - Story , 1 page )  
Feature Story: Private Duffy

Credits:  
Art Helfant (Script), Art Helfant (Pencils), Art Helfant (Inks), ? (Colors), ? (Letters).



Character appearances:  
Private Duffy

---

[The Midas Touch]  
(Sequence 9 - Story , 8 pages )  
Feature Story: Dr. Synthe

Credits:  
Harry Francis Campbell (Script), Taylor (Pencils), Taylor (Inks), ? (Colors), ? (Letters).

Character appearances:  
Doctor Synthe

---

[Mr. Que's Magnified Ray]  
(Sequence 10 - Story , 9 pages )  
Feature Story: Aman the Amazing-Man

Credits:  
? (Script), ? (Pencils), ? (Inks), ? (Colors), ? (Letters).

Character appearances:  
Amazing Man

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